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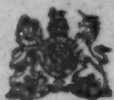
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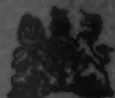
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A COMPLETE INDEX to Vols. I to V (1920-1924) arranged under two headings, (a) Subjects, (b) Authors, appeared in the October 1924 issue, and Index to Vols. VI-X (1925-1929) in the October 1929 issue. Copies of back numbers, with the exception of January 1920, April 1922 and October 1928—the Schubert Number—are still obtainable at 5s. 3d. each, post free. The Annual Postal Subscription (payable in advance) is 20s. to any part of the world.

MANAGER: MUSIC & LETTERS
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MARVELLOUS RECORDING ACHIEVEMENTS

I want to revert this month to a subject I have touched upon on several occasions in the past. I am impelled to do so by some of the remarks made recently by my friend 'K. K.' in one or two record reviews. I refer to the remarks upon the quality of string tone in electrical recording, and more particularly to the review of the 'Oberon' Overture as conducted by Mengelberg and recorded by Columbia (L.2312-3).

Let me say for a start that I regard these two records as marvellous recording achievements from a technical point of view. I want to go further and pay what tribute I can to the high standard of Columbia recording just now. Something has happened during the past few months. Columbia recording has been steadily improving for a year, but during the last month or so I have noticed a very marked improvement. There is a wealth of detail in the 'Oberon' records, Part III especially, and in fact in all last month's orchestral records, which I believe is quite new. Moreover, it is detail combined with delicacy and power. I find the strings cleaner and less metallic than ever before, with a feeling of rosin about them; I find the brass more virile and definite; and I note that the 'attack' is much better. And the improvement is not confined to orchestral records. Take, for example, the duet from 'Othello' sung by Harold Williams and Francis Russell (9827). . . . Just listen to the articulation at the opening of *I lay with Cassio* when Harold Williams is singing; the marvellous effect is due I am sure, not so much to the quality of the singing as to the excellence of the recording. . . . Or, again, take the record of the Poltronieri Quartet in the Haydn tune (9824). Did you ever hear such clean pizzicalos or such clear-cut definition before? I have not seen these notable advances commented on elsewhere."

"The Gramophone," September, 1929.

Columbia

Music and Letters

JANUARY, 1930.

VOLUME XI

No. 1

ON BEING ONESELF

MUSIC AND LETTERS enters with this number upon its second decade. It is curious to look back to 1920 and reflect how slender was the hope that it would last for more than half-a-dozen numbers. It survived, and things were no better—rather worse. Where were we to get sticks to keep the kettle boiling? Somehow they were found, and with the help of a cheerful and unselfish Manager the public was successfully deluded into the idea that the magazine was a going concern, the Editor was kept up to the mark, and the concern went. In April, 1923, it put two pounds odd in its pocket. In succeeding Aprils there have been smiles and tears; but—well, here we are.

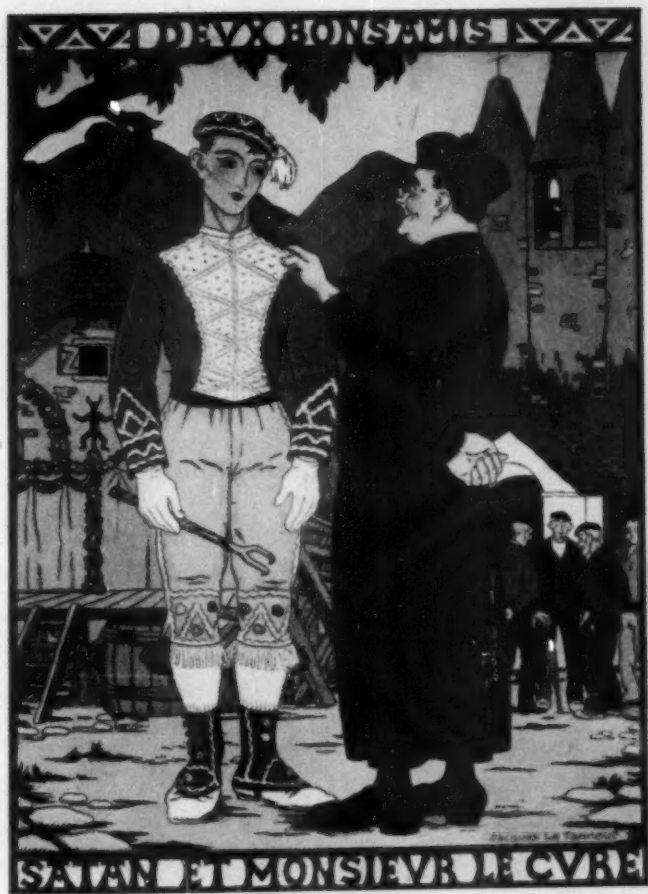
And, oh dear, the mistakes and miscalculations, the experiments that didn't come off, the good intentions that were forgotten, and, generally, the things one would like to have expressed otherwise. But confessions are dull reading, and there is only one thing that shall be confessed now, and that only because amendment is hereby promised: the title pages of the volumes have been omitted and one is now supplied for the year 1930, also an internal Table of Contents, together with becoming apologies to the many librarians who have had to bind up without them. But it is pleasanter to think of one little success. On the second page of this book of four thousand and fifty-eight pages there occurs the sentence: 'In music, and in this country, there are more minds that think than voices that allow themselves to be heard: let us hear some of these voices'; and to reflect that within its covers a hundred and ninety-nine different writers have responded to that appeal. In some sort the magazine has accomplished what it set out to do; it has persuaded a good many English men and women that they know more about music than they thought

they did. So perhaps we are not so unmusical as we are often told we are.

We have been showing signs of repentance in other ways. A few months ago we were like to have no orchestra in London: now we have four. There were seldom adequate rehearsals; now some steps have been taken about that burning question, the sending of substitutes, and the results are decidedly better and may yet be good. Frederick Delius has paid us a visit from his French retreat, and has received the welcome of a long delayed recognition, and has heard some of his music for the first time; the concerts under Sir Thomas Beecham reached an exceptionally high level, were well attended and thoroughly enjoyed. Mrs. Courtauld's orchestral and Mrs. Coolidge's chamber music evenings have added decided impetus to the movement.

But there is a great deal yet to be done. We are still far from having anything like a musical public opinion. As a relic of the time when music was thought rather a poor sort of occupation, one to make excuses for, there still lingers the thought that anyone who gets up and plays or sings is a poor defenceless thing to be heartened up by all the applause that can be given at either end of the performance. That is not at all the view of the honest performer. He wants of all things to be understood. Not his technical devices, of course; they are his business. He wants to feel, if people clap him, that they know why they are clapping, and that that approval might have been withheld. We are all ready to blame the Government or the executive for being tied up so tight in red tape that no one will take any responsibility. Yet there are few in most audiences who will take the responsibility of a stony silence when it is deserved, or who recognise any responsibility as to what or when they should clap. We may all be mistaken, of course, but it seemed to me, to take an instance, that there was a marked difference of merit between Rakhmaninoff's fourth concerto and Bruckner's eighth symphony, and that this was hardly represented by an equal and similar reception. It is the 'similar' that matters; one would like to feel some consensus of cultured opinion, that distinctly gave or distinctly withheld approval, not a merely incoherent roar of good fellowship.

That is an extreme and rare case. But there is one that occurs every day. A singer wobbles. There is no justification for this. It only and solely means that she (as a rule) has not been through a long or a sincere enough training. It may be too late for her to mend, and one should be sorry, but one may not condone. It is bad for her, not only for us, that she should continue; and the kindest thing we could do would be to tell her so at once by a pregnant silence. The man who is too gallant to do such a thing as refrain from applause of



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 6.

an evil course, salves his conscience and his courtesy by resolving never to listen to that particular singer again, and in fact carries this out. But such a delicate hint needs a long time to take effect; whereas if, after listening to two songs, so as to be sure that he was not deceived by the state of his own health or the acoustics of the room, he were to take his hat and his leave, he would receive and confer a benefit.

There is really no reason why performance should be poor, ill-trained or witless, except that the audience acquiesce in its being so. It is not foreign artists as such that we want, but artists who have always lived up to a standard of performance forced on them by audiences who know and care; and players of that kidney are, as a matter of fact, not bred in England. A man said to me lately that he did not intend to read 'The Testament of Beauty,' as another might say he did not intend to hear Tovey play or Kennedy Scott's choir sing. That is sensible enough; (though I don't at all agree about the Laureate's poem, and would say why, if there were room). What is insufferable is that a man should go to these things, and be bored, and clap because somebody else likes them—or pretends to. It doesn't give the English artist a chance. There are other things that a healthy public opinion alone could cure—the fatuous idea of eating to music, the tasteless misuse of serious music for vapid films, and the absurd anomaly that a civilised nation should be compelled to listen for about a quarter of an hour every day to the street-musician talking illiterate nonsense fabricated for him by somebody he doesn't know in East London.

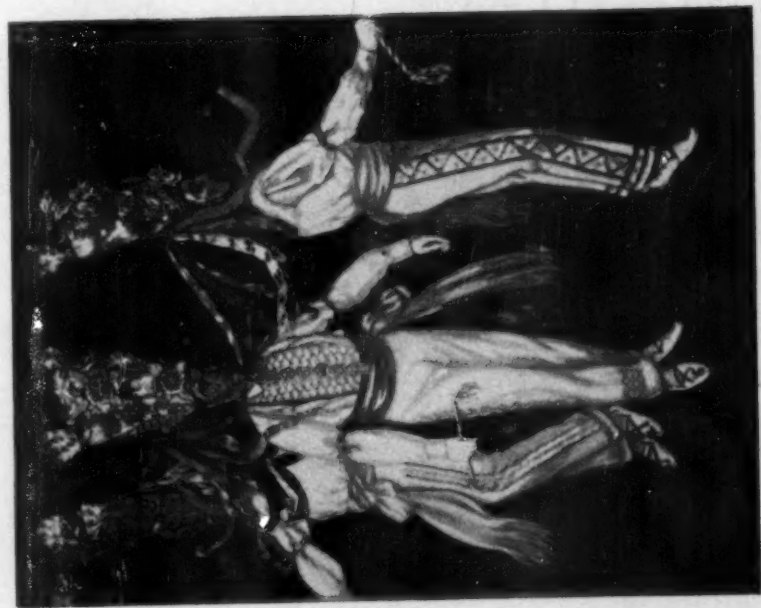
The fact is we have never put into our busy heads the notion that music means something quite definite and intelligible to a large number of people who do not happen to know the technicalities of it. We, like the Romans, have taken it to be an adjunct to life, as lived by the majority. If the majority were really consulted they would say that music was in their way, very often; but that they quite understood a minority caring that it should not be debased, just as *they* cared that their putting greens should not have their surface interfered with by cows, or be used as teeing grounds by irresponsible boys. No one should be forced to take truck with music, but everyone should, if possible, be given the chance; and if he took it, he ought to be both allowed and compelled to take music seriously. Let him do it, or leave it alone. There is a good deal to be said for either course. But let us have an end of the flaccid indifference that is afraid to be known for what it is, and apes a discernment it does not possess.

'All very well,' says the British householder, 'but music is my daughter's concern: she knows all about tonic and dominant. Am I to go with her to a concert, or perhaps to her own recital, and be

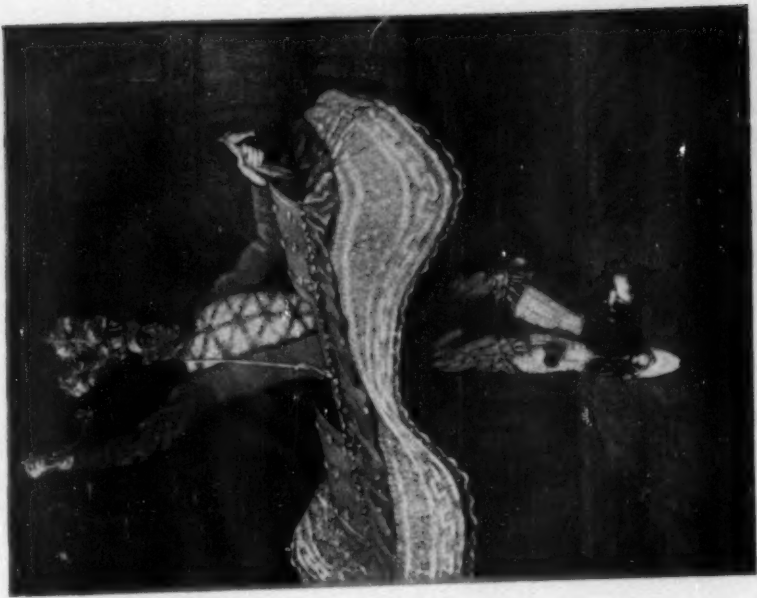
expected to have an opinion of my own?' 'My dear sir,' is the reply, 'don't put extreme cases. Your daughter is *your* daughter, and no one expects you to blame yourself who might have put more sense into her head. You must dree your weird; but you may profit by experience, and do what you may to prevent other people's daughters from becoming laughing stocks.' 'Well, but how am I to know whether other people's daughters are what you call wobbling and witless? They seem to me to have beautiful voices and to know what they are about, and altogether to be putting up a good show.' 'Come along with me,' I said; and I took him off to Digswell Park to see and hear people really being themselves, and not staying to think, in their songs and dances, whether they were 'creating an impression.' He agreed that there was much to be said for fresh air and fresh complexions, for a workaday dress and a tune that you could understand and a dance in which you could feel yourself joining.

Half the trouble with folkmusic would have been saved if people could have seen that it is simply a way of being yourself, musically; instead of assuming it (without much investigation, as they assumed Corot's nymphs and Watteau's shepherdesses) to be a pose. Misliking the thing, they picked holes in the name. 'Folk-song!' they said; 'German!' But it is not. German would be 'folksong,' 'folkdance.' Folk is a perfectly good English word: 'We are his folk, he doth us feed,' says the hymn in its unbowdlerised version; and we have no qualms about 'folklore.' The English 'nation' has certain political affinities and aspirations: the English 'people' has a certain history, political, religious, scientific, artistic; but English 'folk' are a bundle of prejudices, good and bad, just themselves, and nobody else for the moment.

However, misliking the thing, or even disliking it, is perfectly legitimate: exactly as legitimate, in fact, as liking it. A good deal of nonsense has been talked on both sides. It is not helpful to say that 'no one man, not even if he were a Beethoven, could compose tunes of such good general level, or at times of such surpassing excellence' as these folk-melodies; for the excellence of Beethoven's tunes depends on their fulfilling a purpose, as the folksong also does, but a very different purpose—they sum a series of musical instincts of which the folksongster never dreamed, and exhibit a poise of strain and thrust to which his song was never subjected. But neither is there much sense in talking of those who learn and practise folksong and folkdance as having a mission 'to the East End,' to those who are indigent, illiterate, and inarticulate. It is another kind of East End that folkmusic is addressed to—to those who are not rich in musical memories, or are not handy with a musical score, or who



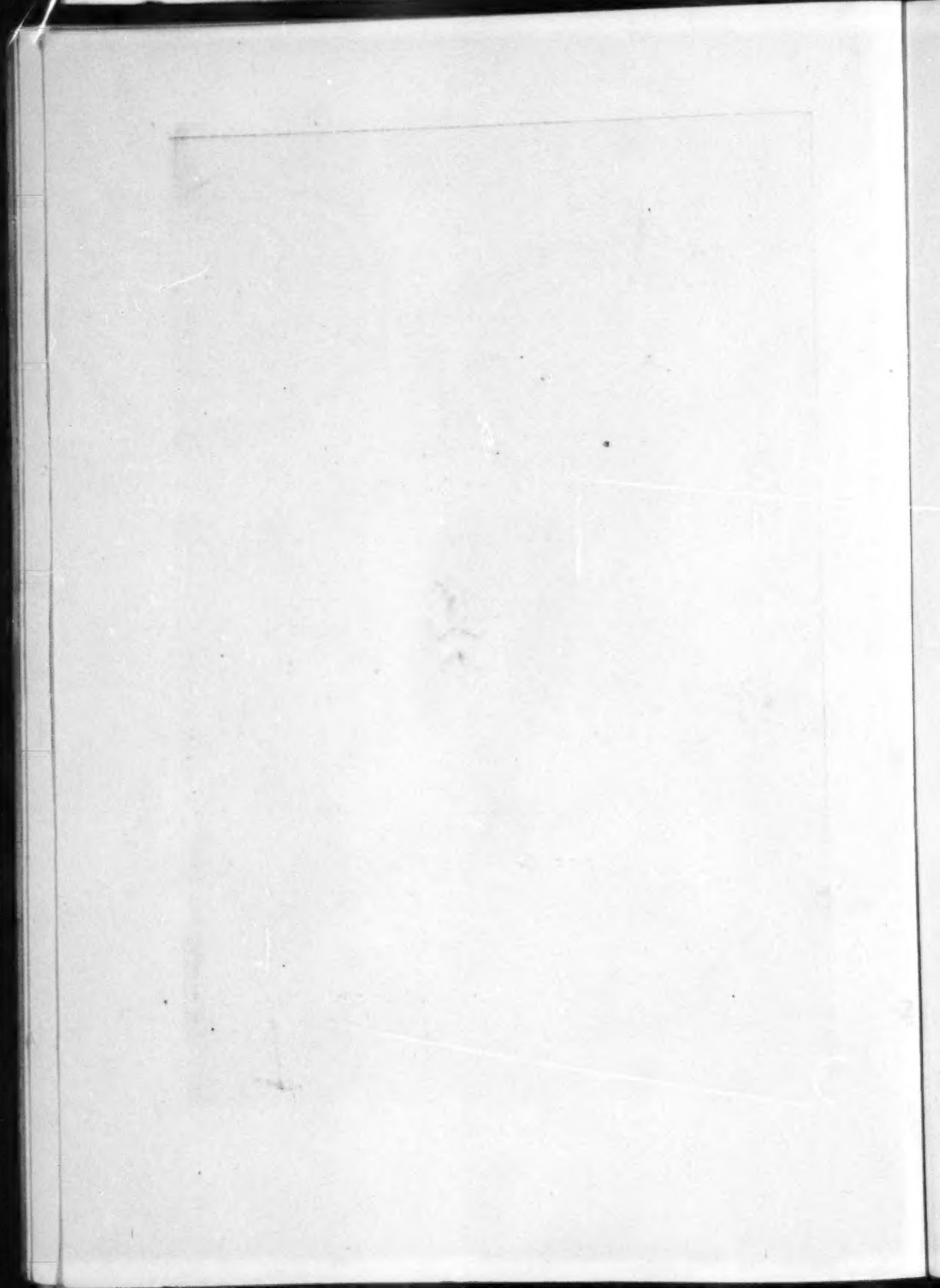
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have no trained skill of voice, or foot, or finger: and they may be found in Kensington and Whitechapel indifferently.

That was my householder's plight. He found at Digswell that Art had suddenly come down to his level, and that it was as human a thing as anything else. He had been tossing about in black night on the winds and waves of music, and now he had shipped a compass and would make port by break of day.

The next thing I am taking him to is the Albert Hall meeting on the 4th of January, when, after the festival teams from all over the country have shown us what they can do, and the traditional teams from Lancashire and Oxfordshire have shown us how it ought to be done, Basque dancers from Biscaya will do the same thing quite differently. The Basque country stretches about fifty miles inland from Biarritz and San Sebastian, and the frontier hardly exists for them, except that on the north their belts are red and on the south blue. The Basque keeps to himself: he sticks to his privileges, though he lost some of them by taking the side of the Carlists in 1879; he is placid in ordinary life, but formidable when angered. He is older than Latin or Briton. His 'pastourelles,' poems of 7,000 lines with wonderful anachronisms, celebrating the triumphs of Christians over infidels, go back to the old 'chansons de geste,' and his dances, which follow them, probably further. As I had some photographs lying about, it will save a good deal of description to put in a few of them. (1) *Satan* is an important personage in the Pastourelle, and a still more important dancer, though just now he is talking about something else. Now come (2) the dancers of Guipuzcoa entering the church of Ciboure under their *Arcos grandes*; and (3) *Les Volants*, with busbies, from the Bas Navarraie. Then (4) the *Zamalzaïn*, whose triumph is the wineglass dance, in which his hobby horse with its whirling lace skirt prevents his seeing where he puts his feet. (5) The Basque capers are famous; here he is, you see, capering as high as the church roof. (6) Last, but of great importance, the musician in gala-dress, with his *tristuli* (pipe with three holes and drum with snares).

THE EDITOR:

THE MUSIC OF KAIKHOSRU SORABJI

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI has written much music. His music is completely unknown to the public. This is no exaggeration. In these days, when novelty in art has acquired an emotive force all its own, it seems strange that Sorabji's music has not been performed. For Sorabji's music is decidedly novel, quite unlike anything that is being written to-day. Doubtless the immense scale of all his works and their almost insuperable technical difficulties make conductors and soloists think three or four times before considering their performance. But all art that is new presents difficulties and no such consideration should, or would, stand seriously in the way of performance.

Another reason for this silence must be sought. It is probable that those who have glanced through Sorabji's work have detected certain resemblances to Alexander Skryabin. First of all, there is the gigantic scale on which each work is planned. Secondly, and what lends colour to the Skryabin comparison, there are pages strewn with Skryabinesque directions. 'En devenant toujours de plus en plus sonore, éclatant et radieux.—Vertigineux tourbillonnant.—En délire.—Sombres et voilés les accords.—Avec langueur et épuisement,' may all be found on pages 6 and 7 of the First Piano Sonata. And in 'Le Jardin Parfumé' we read 'Enveloppé d'une langueur chaude et voluptueuse.' Who could refrain from coupling together Skryabin and Sorabji!

All the more prominence is given to these directions by reason of the comparative obscurity of the music. It is so involved that as page succeeds page we involuntarily rely upon these few words to act as signposts to direct us through the labyrinth. The Third Piano Sonata not only refuses to be divided up into movements, but it also rejects the help of bar lines: and there are eighty-eight very large pages of it. 'Themes' are not easily discernible in Sorabji's music except where a fugal subject makes its appearance, and then, having discovered this, one hunts the preceding odd twenty pages in an attempt to find the initial idea. This is a wearisome task and often fruitless.

With so little to guide us as to the composer's intentions, it is

therefore excusable that we ourselves should become a little 'sombres et violés,' and should label the music Skryabinesque. If this idea is established we can readily understand that Sorabji has small chance of being heard in public. Skryabin has suffered a total eclipse lately. There are many reasons for his present unpopularity which we need not consider here. It seems that Sorabji has created the impression that his music betrays the typical Skryabinesque faults with another one added—that of impossibly difficult complexity.

A more thorough examination of Kaikhosru Sorabji's work reveals, however, an elemental force and vigour that Skryabin ever lacked. In a few of the more lucid passages Sorabji seems to have in mind some theory connected with overtones:



N.B.—The top note should be A sharp, not F sharp.

This is misleading. Sorabji is really an impressionist and achieves his effects by experiments with tonal masses and tone values. His fondness for the upper notes of the piano (he employs a third stave, the notes sounding one octave higher than written), gives an impression of 'upper partials,' but these do not really depend upon any system of overtones. They should be treated as block sounds which happen to appeal particularly to the composer. 'Le Jardin Parfumé,' as the title perhaps suggests, is an essay in impressionism: many very wonderful and beautiful effects are produced. Sorabji has a highly developed sense of the possibilities of the piano, and is developing along these impressionistic lines the discoveries of Debussy and Ravel. But whereas Debussy was a miniaturist in this sense, Sorabji paints on a vast canvas and realises that he cannot rely solely upon Debussian impressionism. All the brilliance of Liszt has been incorporated, brought up to date. Extremely modern harmonies and Busonian scales add to the already considerable technical difficulties.

Thus, Debussy's impressionism and Liszt's technical brilliance account for one side of Sorabji's compositions. Something more than brilliance and impressionism is required if the interest of such vast works is to be sustained. Such interest has been supplied by very involved contrapuntal writing. Sorabji's bewildering facility for writing fugue and counterpoint reminds us of Reger.

Debussy, Liszt, Reger: these three are far better guides than Skryabin. It may be, of course, that Sorabji has been influenced by none of these, but they at least serve to give a general idea of Sorabji's music to those who have neither seen nor heard it. But in thinking of these three composers it must be borne in mind that Sorabji writes throughout in the polychromatic (atonal) style, and that his rhythm is as 'free' as his harmony.

Sorabji's output has been very considerable, numbering some eighteen compositions since 1917. For the most part the works are, as has already been said, on a huge scale. The major part of the compositions is written for piano. It would be easy to suggest that the massive chords, the clusters of notes, the complicated cadenzas, the whole form of the works, are a result of extensive extemporisation at the keyboard. The aspect of the piano music does indeed suggest some such manufacture. Happily we happen to know that Sorabji adopts quite another method for his composition. For these immensely long and complicated works, no rough sketch is made. The notes are written straight into full score which remains the final version. This is indeed a remarkable achievement and almost savours of the uncanny.

Let us consider some illustrations of Sorabji's music.

The earliest published work I have seen is the two piano pieces, 'In the Hothouse' and 'Toccata' (1918). These are followed by the 'Fantaisie Espagnole' and the Piano Sonata No. 1 (both 1919). Sonata No. 2, to Busoni, 65 pages, and the Prelude, Interlude and Fugue for piano are dated 1920. The Third Piano Sonata, 88 pages without bar lines, was written in 1922; 'Le Jardin Parfumé,' 86 pages, in 1923. The Organ Symphony, 107 pages (1924) and the Valse-Fantaisie—Homage to Johann Strauss—85 pages (1925), conclude the published works for piano (and organ). There are also for piano the Pastiche on Chopin, 64 Variations and Fugue on Dies Irae, and 'Wienerische Weisen.' These I have not seen. In a letter of the 11th of June Mr. Sorabji says: 'Since this visit (about two years ago) my work has greatly increased in quality and mastery of means as well as maturity of expression. I have now finished the Dies Irae Variations for piano . . . some settings of Saâdi, another great piano concerto far surpassing in all respects my previous essays in this form, a Nocturne Djâmi for piano, and this year (1929) just

recently finished the fourth piano Sonata—a work of quite unique structure in three movements with a very complicated finale which is in itself a complete almost self-contained work. None of these later works are published. . . . Nor have I been able to examine the remaining compositions :—Trois Poèmes (soprano), Cinque Sonetti per Baritono ed Orchestra da Camera, Quintet for Piano and Strings, the Second Piano Concerto, 'Opusculum' (for full orchestra), the Third Piano Concerto with small orchestra, and the Symphony for piano, orchestra, chorus and organ.

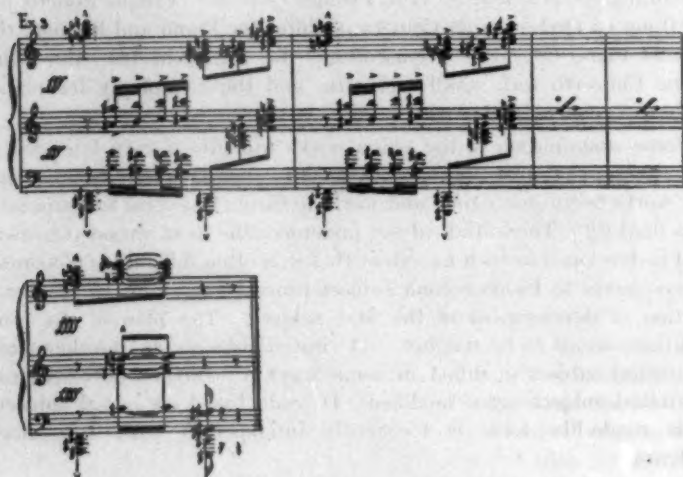
Some examination of the piano works will give a very fair idea of the characteristics of Sorabji's style. In general, it may be said that the works begin *pianissimo* and work up through several *fortissimos* to a final *fff*. The initial subject undergoes the most varied treatment and is developed to such an extent that it is often difficult to recognise. There seems to be no second subject properly speaking but rather a section of development of the first subject. The plan of the compositions seems to be roughly :—A (initial subject), B (development), A (initial subject modified in some way), C (further development), A (initial subject again modified), D (coda based on initial subject). This rondo-like form is frequently interspersed with very florid cadenzas.

Perhaps the most easily understandable composition is the Fantaisie Espagnole (1919). After three pages of cadenza work, the initial subject is announced :—



This undergoes the most imaginative treatment, interrupted by

cadenzas of extremely complicated design. The coda is a good example of Sorabji's chord-harmony :—



A further characteristic passage, the use of ' triads ' in conflicting tonalities, is quoted : —



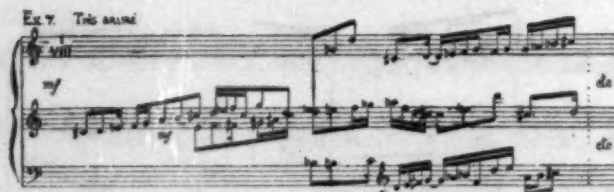
The First Sonata opens with a vigorous subject which is fully exploited throughout the work. There are 43 pages. This is one of the few works ending pianissimo.



The top stave of the above example is to be played one octave higher than written. The 'line' has an almost Straussian design of the *Heldenleben* period. The next example illustrates the complexity of Sorabji's accompaniment:—



We have indicated some typical chordal and harmonic passages. We now illustrate Sorabji's frequent employment of counterpoint.



This Third Sonata, as has been said, is 88 pages long and contains neither movements nor bar lines. The difficulty of finding one's way through these pages is considerable. The figure quoted above seems to have some resemblance to other figures in the work and is quoted as being their clearest statement.

The Prelude, Interlude and Fugue seems to be a work well worth studying. The general design is at least fairly evident at a glance. The Prelude is a *moto perpetuo* and opens thus:—



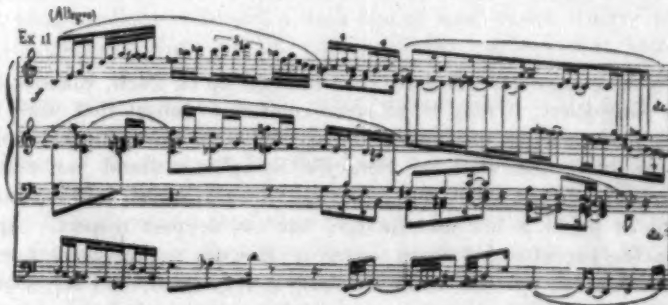
There are no bar lines in this movement, the whole being written in groups of four semiquavers. There are 456 of such groups, each one of which requires careful fingering for both hands. The Interlude is quiet throughout. The Fugue seems to be a very vital piece of writing, and indeed the whole work should be examined carefully by professional pianists. We quote the fourth entry of the Fugue:—



Finally, this is announced as :—



The Organ Symphony is far more complex. Written in three movements, it takes the time of a whole recital to perform. Ten minutes' interval should be allowed the audience and performer (to recover?) between each movement. The organ should have four or five manuals. We select the following passage in the third movement as typical of the work :—



This leads to :—



The five chords on Bach are repeated seven times, each with different harmonies. We thought that Marcel Dupré's Symphony was sufficiently complicated and grandiose. Sorabji far exceeds Dupré. The Organ Symphony ends thus :—



To those organists who have been brought up on Bach, Rheinberger and Karg-Elert, it may be of some comfort to reflect that were the work performed by mechanical means and were the cathedral empty at the time, the whole of Sorabji's Symphony would yet remain completely silent! Mr. Emlyn Davies, who performed the first movement in public a few months ago, has our deepest respect. Apart from the almost superhuman technical efficiency required, the mental strain entailed by such an undertaking is very great, and Mr. Davies is indeed entitled to our respect and gratitude whatever we may personally think of the sounds produced by such efforts.

By this time the reader will be asking if the writing of such complicated music is worth while. Music alone of the arts depends upon a 'middle-man' for its interpretation. The painter, sculptor, poet, or author is dependent for the success of his art entirely upon himself: not so the composer, who has to rely upon a skilled interpreter before the public can form any opinion of his work. If the composer is prepared to ignore or to gamble on the capacities of the middle-man, there is no reason why he should restrict his vocabulary. James Joyce with difficulty found a publisher and with greater difficulty is he finding a public; this has in no way deterred him from expanding his polyglot vocabulary. Sorabji must either employ his vocabulary to its fullest extent or else remain silent. He probably

feels it better to write with a slender chance of performance than to remain silent altogether. And again, he may write simply because he feels he must. He certainly does not seek publicity.

There is undoubtedly in his music a meaning, and a meaning of emotional significance if we could but translate it. But, again undoubtedly, this translation is seriously impeded by technical difficulties. Sorabji himself can play his music. It can be done, and what we then hear is something of more than passing interest or technical dexterity.

When we in England have continually to search for composers writing music worthy of serious consideration, does it not seem typical of our musical behaviour that we continue to ignore both Bernard van Dieren and Kaikhosru Sorabji? They may not be 'great' musicians, but how can anyone be 'great' in an estimation wider than the merely personal when the whole of his work is confined within the four walls of a shop? This is not intended as propaganda: it is a statement of fact.

In presenting the work of an unknown composer before a public, nothing alienates that public more than unqualified praise. The foregoing analysis of Sorabji's work has at least shown readers some of its characteristics; but it will be readily realised that without hearing this music we can neither praise nor blame it legitimately. On paper we can, nevertheless, detect certain faults which might tell against the music in performance.

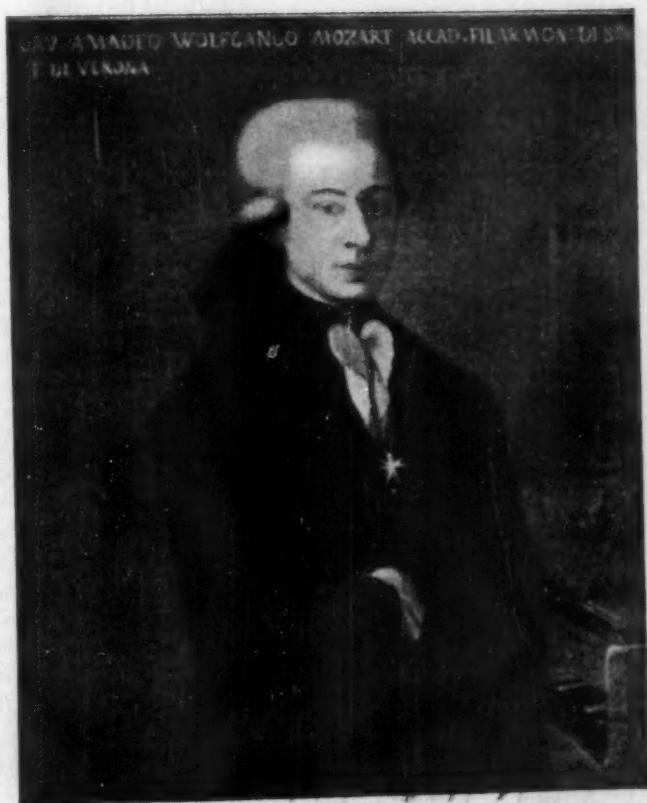
First and foremost, we feel that there is a lack of coherent design. We do not believe that the 'subjects' would stand out sufficiently clearly in performance; and when so much of the composition seems to be a development of these 'subjects,' we should have the greatest difficulty to relate the parts to the whole. The thematic material seems to be of too vague a description. Secondly, the works are not rhythmic; pronounced rhythms would compensate somewhat for the absence of discernible thematic design. Thirdly, the technical difficulties and complexities do discourage us. Technical difficulties are of two kinds—the physical and the mental. In Schönberg the difficulties are entirely mental: the actual notes are easy enough to manage, but until we find the clue to their arrangement they remain unplayable. But when we do find the clue we experience a keen pleasure in playing them since they are written in a wholly logical order. In Sorabji's music the difficulties are to a greater extent physical. The average player cannot possibly hope to play a page of Sorabji with his two hands, and the introduction of other members of his body is not very practicable. The professional player holds aloof. The average player cannot hope to obtain an idea in sound of

Sorabji's music, and, when all is said and done, music is a matter of sound.

Mr. Sorabji can play his own music, and those parts of the Piano Concerto I have heard in this way seemed to justify Sorabji's complicated method of expression. Comprehension of an entire work, and an orchestral work also, would, of course, be more difficult to appreciate and to understand. Hearing part of the Concerto showed how useless it is to judge Sorabji's music only on paper.

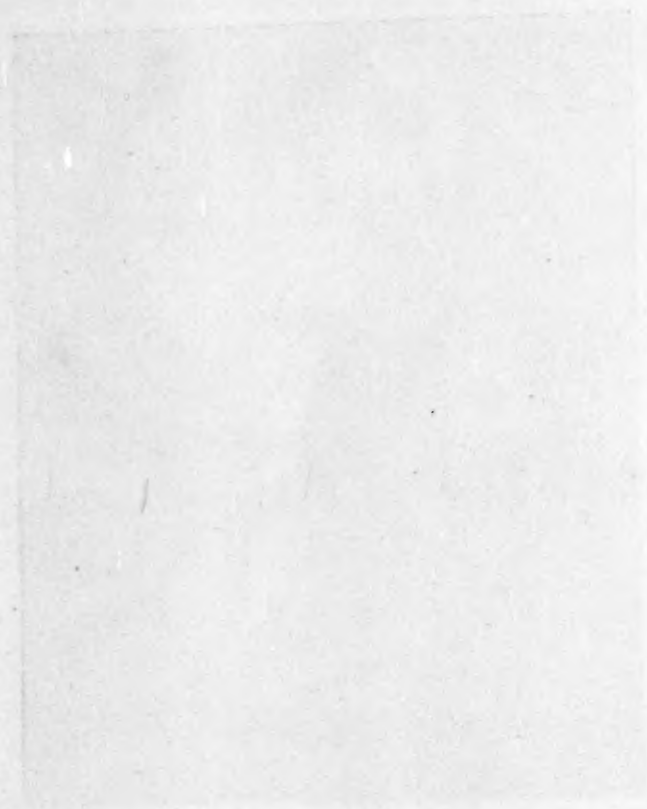
The vitality of this Concerto as played by Sorabji himself convinced me of the desirability of considering his music seriously. We can only hope that some effort will soon be made to give it public performance.

ARTHUR G. BROWNE.



W. A. MOZART.

2



VARIATIONS ON MOZART

'Sicut laetantium omnium habitatio est in te.'—Ps. 87. 7.

THREE figures occupy the centre of the musical art of Europe—Palestrina, Mozart and Bach. Throughout the history of musical culture from the Renaissance to the present day the lines of musical thought are drawn towards these three men. Select any fragment of time in the life of the musical art, and you will find that it comes within the sphere of one of these unsurpassed masters. The true value of any historical period depends solely on its relation to them.⁽¹⁾ Any deviation from the characteristic features of the heritage bequeathed by them, no matter when or under what pretext, has never proved to be other than a departure from music itself, in the proper sense of the term; and this either through the collapse and decay of pure and absolute forms of thought and organisation, or through the establishment of a connection with categories of values of an extra-musical order.

Palestrina's music synthesises the Latin archaic periods—if it is permissible to regard as archaic the era which preceded the Middle Ages—the Middle Ages themselves, and the intervening period between the medieval and the Renaissance. Mozart and Bach determine the subsequent musical art, not only of the nineteenth and the first quarter of the twentieth centuries, but also of the future, as we conceive and recognise it in the aspect of absolute purity of the musical forms, in the gnostic sense of musical consciousness and recognition.

Palestrina, Mozart and Bach manifest themselves as the supreme and most precious realisation in music of the idea of a strictly Christian culture. In the course of this we perceive the establishment of a direct connection, and an organic succession in regard to the material and the spiritual plane, between Mozart and Palestrina, whose music is the pure expression of Catholic culture. In another sense (excluding the whole of Bach's Protestant conceptions, so essential to him) there exists an immediate connection between Mozart and Bach, in so far as the latter created the organisation of musical thought and provided a basis for a constructivism which proved to

(1) Glinka, Chopin, or Debussy prove this to the same extent as Wagner, Schönberg, or Beethoven.

be an appanage of a new consciousness—preferably in the instrumental sphere—unknown to the thought and consciousness of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, whose musical culture was pre-eminently vocal. Mozart thus shows himself to be between Palestrina and Bach. And as a matter of fact, notwithstanding all the external difference between Mozart's music and Palestrina's, it is easy to establish some external resemblance. This external resemblance is particularly evident towards the end of Mozart's life. 'Don Juan' testifies to it, but 'The Magic Flute,' and the 'Requiem' more especially, place him in direct and immediate proximity to Palestrina so far as vocal music is concerned. As for Bach, the instrumental connection of Mozart with him is so manifest that it needs no proof. Instrumental constructivism undoubtedly brings them near to each other. Mozart's music is an ideal synthesis of the instrumental and vocal principles, an organic combination of Palestrina's vocalism and Bach's instrumentalism. Mozart reconciled harmoniously two very distinct and unconnected cultures: the Flemish, Italian, and Spanish spiritual vocalism, and the plastic rationalism of the German and French instrumental music of the subsequent periods.

Mozart's star rose over Paris in the spring of 1928. The dazzling success of 'The Magic Flute' was a truly marvellous event of those days. The astonishing thing is that it was entirely unexpected. In our feelings on hearing the work there was no suggestion of a respectful enthusiasm in regard to the world-masterpiece which had existed for some 140 years, nor were there condescending smiles, nor suppressed yawns. We listened to it almost solemnly, as if we were in the presence of a catastrophe. . . . We experienced an unforgettable sensation of unexpected delight and amazement, recognising the pathos of the distance between this creation of the individual and capricious will of the artist and the objective achievements of the present-day musical culture. We were crushed and disconcerted and we do not hesitate to admit it. From the opening bars of the overture we advanced through the musical expanse as through a promised land completely new to us. 'The Magic Flute' sounded like a revelation, like an entirely new production, something that had only just been created. Nobody had known it in the aspect in which we heard it. Through the patina of time with which the pages of the score were overlaid a world of music of magical beauty was disclosed to us, a concrete world, harmonious in the proportions of its form and filled with substantial realities bordering upon the fantastic. It was a feast of the musical imagination, a source of sensations that will persist, brought into a mysterious accord and preserving an easy equilibrium

that is almost immaterially achieved. It was rather like a dance on the edge of an abyss, with a keen sense of being drawn towards it and a simultaneous consciousness of being protected from falling. Before us was revealed a full and complete incarnation of the musical ideal and the secret expectations of our era. Here we are faced with that which has been the occasion of so much clamour in recent years, and has supplied grounds for many tedious and idle words. What we had only vaguely foreseen was here manifested as in a luminous vision, expressed with infinite simplicity and ease, and insuperable power.

'The Magic Flute' reconciled everyone. Instantly it became a sign of peace and tranquillity in the confusion of æsthetic slogans amidst which we live, in the discordance of the chorus in which we exist. It was a moment of direct and living love, of pure and elevated feelings, exalted above professional experience and everyday triviality and ill-humour.

Love for Mozart became an instantaneous purification, and the lively sense of it bound us all together.

When Nietzsche sought the Apollonian ideal in order to oppose it to Wagner's Dionysianism, he found nothing better than Bizet, with his 'Carmen,' which is merely music drama of a somewhat poorer type than Wagner's. It is curious that Nietzsche, one of the finest musicians of the nineteenth century (though he did not achieve a single page of even tolerable music) should have made so grave a mistake. He explored his surroundings, but the music of the period was very far from his idea, and he had to look back—a process which, for him, was a compromise. Possibly, therefore, he did not notice the living form of Mozart. The laudation of 'Carmen' was for Nietzsche a sort of pose, born of intellectual snobbery. In actual fact, he can hardly have thought of it seriously. It was on his part a gesture expressive of the utmost contempt for Wagner, who had become his *bête noire*, and whom he tried to wound by the coarsest methods. Bizet was little more than a casual occasion. Nietzsche's theory was essentially true and his opposition to Wagner, then the subject of general adoration, was correct and sensible, but he should have relied on 'The Marriage of Figaro'—which responded to his 'Apollonianism' and his 'sunny south'—and not on 'Carmen.' For Nietzsche, Mozart was obscured by the rationalistic eighteenth century through which the former beheld him, and was not turned into a mummy by the official musical enlightenment. Nietzsche was one of the very few for whom Mozart did not exist in a powdered wig, with the invariable sickeningly sugary smile on his lips, but

all the same he was mistaken in his estimate of the composer, of whom he said: 'Mozart—une âme tendre et amoureuse, mais qui appartient encore entièrement au dix-huitième siècle même dans ce qu'il a de sérieux . . .' But the matter could not stop at that. Nietzsche, who declared: 'L'art romantique n'est que le palliatif d'une "réalité manquée" . . .' ought to have understood that the world created by Mozart—who came before the German romantics and whose music was the source of romanticism—was not an illusion, but a genuine reality, actualised in the aesthetically material substance of art, in the concrete forms into which it was shaped by its creator, in its substantiality and tangibility. It was followed by the romantic music, based of course on the creation of phantom worlds and entirely lacking in reality. The musical substance itself become more and more deformed. We had music in which, to quote Nietzsche: 'Les musiciens romantiques racontent ce que les livres romantiques ont fait d'eux . . .'

In Russian music Glinka and Chaikovsky are connected with Mozart. He is near to both of them, but from different standpoints. Glinka was the prototype of the Russian Mozart, but on a provincial scale. He himself never suspected his close relationship with Mozart, whom he expressed in terms of Russian life and national culture. Mozart's influence is very evident in 'A Life for the Tsar' and 'Ruslan.' Glinka's song lyrics are likewise akin to Mozart's in many respects. The heritage of the eighteenth century, common to both, also brings them together; with Mozart it is direct and immediate, with Glinka it takes the shape of a rather belated transmutation, which is afterwards disturbed by other influences—Beethovenism, the Italians, and the first period of the Franco-German romantics. In them the instrumental rationalism of the eighteenth century—so strongly expressed with Mozart, but of which no trace remains in Glinka—was definitely dissolved. Glinka's innate proximity to Mozart—the sense of proportion, the melodic refinement, the inventiveness of the harmonic and instrumental methods, the fondness for the æsthetic canon, the formal and emotional equilibrium—is expressed in spite of his tastes and the artistic feeling which prevented him from properly appreciating and understanding Mozart's exceptional significance to music. Mozart probably seemed to him pedantic and was for him overshadowed by magnitudes of the second order, such as Gluck, of whom he writes: 'For dramatic music Gluck, first and last, plundered without remorse by Mozart and Beethoven.'⁽²⁾

(2) From a letter to Bulgakov of November 8, 1855.

And again: 'When the conversation turned on Mozart, Glinka always added "He's good, but where is he with Beethoven?" In doubt, I once asked him, "And in opera?" "Yes," he replied, "and in opera. I wouldn't exchange *Fidelio* for all Mozart's operas put together!"'⁽³⁾

As for Chaikovsky, his love for Mozart was almost a passion. It runs like a crimson thread through all his compositions. In 'Mozartiana' he pays a direct tribute to him, but there are traces of Mozart's influence in all the rest of his creations. It is expressed preferably in his instrumental technique. Not that his music has an outward resemblance to Mozart's—here is hardly a trace of this—but much of the form is borrowed from him. We see it in the exactness of the purely instrumental methods, in the cultivation of the instrumental perceptions. With Chaikovsky this heritage always found expression as the principal factor in the neutralisation of the nineteenth century through which he passed, in the emancipation from the unbridled romanticism which had such an irresistible hold on him. Chaikovsky's love for Mozart was subconsciously transformed into the will to incarnation, the will to action; it served in the shaping of the weariness characteristic of the Slav, which was stronger in Chaikovsky than in any other Russian musician; it expressed itself in an anguish which nearly drove him to suicide. Essentially he had nothing in common with Mozart. Whereas the latter sought with unfailing success to achieve a perfect equilibrium, and found it impossible and intolerable for music to go beyond bounds—'La musique même dans la situation la plus terrible ne doit jamais offenser l'oreille, pourtant, là encore, la charmer, et donc rester toujours de la musique'⁽⁴⁾—Chaikovsky could never restrict himself even to limits with a little equilibrium. He was constantly carried away; his music is a continuous exaggeration. He was always awayed by delirious ideas. The emotional element which possessed him invariably led him to an excessive and extremely thick expression of his feelings. His pathos becomes ecstasy and assumes the character, not of musical expression, but almost of a pathological aberration, fed by a psychology to which Mozart was essentially strange. With Mozart there is always direct action, whether in suffering or in joy, whereas with Chaikovsky there is merely a passive experience, incapable of any real action. But in that world of formal beauty, which is so infinitely precious to us in Chaikovsky, which has never been understood in his music (he owes all his fame solely to his want of balance and his psychologism, to which I have referred) and has revealed itself with unusual power and convincingness to the modern consciousness only, though many have

(3) From A. N. Serov's *Reminiscences of Glinka*.

(4) From a letter to his father of September 26, 1781

not yet grasped it—on this plane his connection with Mozart is very close and he is indebted to it for much.

There also exists in Russian music an unnatural bond between Mozart and Rimsky-Korsakov, who sought it deliberately and forcibly, as a professor and pedant; but it is not worth our while to dwell on this, as with Rimsky-Korsakov it was expressed in the mummifying of everything living and precious, which was thereby reduced to a dead thing.

It is an interesting fact that Mozart was captivated by the exotic quality of Russian music: 'Je me suis procuré des chansons favorites russes, afin de pouvoir jouer des variations dessus.'⁽⁵⁾

The eighteenth century gave to Mozart as a heritage a rationalistic formalism, and in those compositions of his in which it appears without a touch of feeling there is a sense of tediousness. His free spirit, his easy and passionate temperament, his exaltation—the objectiveness of his sentiments—are his salvation here. He never restricts himself to a bare scheme, nor permits himself to employ the stereotyped methods of the period, without imparting to them a personal imprint, without altering their whole appearance. Sometimes it is merely a scarcely perceptible fracture of the stamp, of the general methods of the time, but in this slight deviation from the general and impersonal lies the whole vitality, the whole charm of what he creates; if, however, this is suppressed the music becomes dead and hopelessly dull. Essentially the whole of his instrumental music, for all its amazing merits and most remarkable perfections, is merely a preparatory study, as it were, for his theatre, which is his real and only passion. The theatre of Mozart knows no equal in the whole of music. It may be that with him alone the theatre in general found its true incarnation in music, and the only one possible. Compared with this, every other operatic stage seems a false thing and altogether inferior, even if we consider Mozart's noteworthy predecessors in seventeenth century Italy. He was passionately attached to it throughout his life, and the operatic stage was for him as real as life itself, as the following quotations will show: 'Avant tout, à mon point de vue, l'opéra.'⁽⁶⁾ 'Entendre seulement parler d'un opéra, être seulement au théâtre et entendre chanter . . . Oh! me voilà déjà tout hors de moi!'⁽⁷⁾

In the whole of musical art there exists nothing more magical and perfect than the Mozart theatre. It is indeed a completely enclosed and inhabited world, and perhaps its only parallel in art is the world created by Shakespeare.

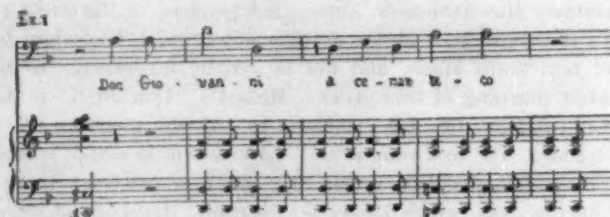
⁽⁵⁾ From a letter to his father of November 24, 1781.

⁽⁶⁾ From a letter to his father of April 17, 1782.

⁽⁷⁾ From a letter to his father of October 10-11, 1777.

Nowhere in music is there a greater horror of the pains of death than that expressed by Mozart. We find it first in 'Don Juan,' where it would seem to be a purely æsthetic conception. But, incarnated by a genius and with an irreproachable and certainly subconscious fidelity to the highest moral and æsthetic unity, it is regenerated and raised from the plane of artistic creation to the plane of the categories of supreme and enduring values. Arising on the æsthetic plane, the creative action is determined on the religious plane, with an amazing and arbitrary inevitableness, almost independent of the artist's will, since he is subject to a higher motive power which leads him by the path of real truth alone, and not of artistic invention. In this is the higher meaning of this opera. Mozart's 'Don Juan' is divided into two halves by the themes in which mention is made of the hands. The first time it is: 'La ci darem la mano'—the most seductive and ingratiating music that has ever existed. In it there is the daring game which knows no restraint; the scorn of danger at the moment of a most tangled vital intrigue. It is almost on the verge of the final catastrophe. Nevertheless the light-hearted self-confidence is so habitual, the reliance on his powers through inertia of the soul is so strong, that the challenge is once more flung down. Juan resumes his unnecessary entanglement of everything, and this time without a shadow of feeling. It is not an erotic caprice that serves as an occasion for the scene with Zerlina, but the necessity of staking everything on the cards, of proving his powers, and, come what may, of winning the game on this occasion, otherwise the result will be dust and ashes. He has escaped punishment hitherto, even when the game was played for important considerations, when a life was knowingly ruined, but now, as always in life, what was only a fortuitous and insignificant occurrence proves to be the last link in the chain and gives the final impetus to the dénouement. For a second time, the hands are mentioned again in the words of the Commander: 'Da mi la mano in segno!' In these two references to the hands we have the musical contrast which is the axis of the whole of the drama. The first part revolves entirely round Juan's address to Zerlina, the climax and the dénouement round the Commander's address to Juan. The wonderful choral theme of the Commander: 'Da ridor finirai pria dell' aurora,' which makes its appearance before the beginning of the finale, warns us of it. In the closing section, with the arrival of the Commander at the supper the whole atmosphere of the music undergoes a wonderful change. The very air becomes different. What has happened to the easy manner and the irony, the sprightly grace of this self-confident freedom? Well, the lyrical ardour, unfettered by a concrete attachment to anybody or anything was, of course, the chief basis of this 'free' will masked by irony.

It was all through himself and for himself alone. And the famous last supper, with the amusing 'hunting' concert on the stage, in which the playing with danger is carried on until the latest moment, to the furthest vital point! Here Mozart emphasises still more sharply the approach of the end. As soon as the actual duel with death begins, everything is instantly changed. With the Commander's first words to Juan we have a distinct feeling that all is over:



These words are expressed by the music with a calm indifference, but with a force greater than any command, since it is at once evident that there is and can be no way out. Life is already left behind, and the payment for it is at hand. The total is suddenly made up, by a single flourish of the pen. Why does not Juan agree to repent and admit his defeat? He remains true to himself to the very last, and it cannot be otherwise, since for him to acknowledge that he is beaten is not merely difficult, but simply impossible; it becomes clear to him, nevertheless, that life was only a game, and now the reality of death is conquering everything. In the mad musical dialogue with the Commander there is not a vestige of the previous boasting and self-confidence. Here we have no Don Juan, but simply a man, unmasked, helpless and pitiable. The Russian poet, Aleksandr Blok, felt this in a contemporary lyric, as something near and akin to us:

What now is thy loathsome liberty,
Don Juan, who hast learned terror? . . .

Amazing is the contrast of the musical imagination in the narrative of the free Don Juan, dancing unrestrainedly on the edge of the abyss, and the chilly, almost tediously solemn monotony of the end. The stern inevitableness of this end is the more convincing that Mozart expresses it in an almost uniform tone, grey and pitilessly monotonous, 'eternal. . . .'

The even, indifferently monotonous accompaniment of the strings, tremolando and pianissimo and moving through the chiaroscuro of the harmonic degrees, almost imperceptibly changing the colour, creates

the impression of a light that is gradually dying out. From the brilliant tone—to utter extinction, to immersion in gloom, to nothingness. And the masterly design of the basses in the orchestra—a peremptory voice, also monotonous, but now belonging to the life beyond the grave. The impression conveyed by this monotony is one of hopelessness, of shuddering terror. A sort of breaking of bones and dislocation of joints; the extermination of the man bit by bit—one can almost hear the cracking and the gnawing. Towards the end of this dialogue nothing remains of Juan. There is no trace of the man on earth. Everything is eaten up and sucked out with an extraordinary appetite and a tranquil gluttony. It is not death but a sort of refined gormandising. (Again we are reminded by contrast of Juan's own last supper.)

Where else can we find such a musical portrait of the agony of mortal man? And with what inconceivable delicacy and artistic feeling it is drawn! Nowhere in this music is there a trace of pathology, of psychological aberrations. Everything is done with such a degree of nicety and so hidden in pure music that it is quite possible to miss the point, to overlook it as do most of those who are enthusiastic about the opera.

Schubert in his time felt something of this kind. Why, his 'Erl-King' all but revives the final scene of 'Don Juan.' The figure of Don Juan, as incarnated in Mozart's opera, stands side by side with Don Quixote and Hamlet.

Mozart had a magic word, like the word in the fairy-tale—'Snai.' The key to fortune. It means just nothing, and at the same time it means a very great deal—rapture, childlikeness, unconcern, careless joy, love, and tranquillity of the soul. Snai! Whence does it come? From the pure and inexhaustible source which Mozart preserved in his soul to the end of his life—the Christian faith, innate, sincere, and dogmatic, which he never doubted. This archangel of the music of earth, whose very name has a magical sound, was a Christian in the genuine and true meaning of the word, and his music is permeated with the light of his belief. The ideal equilibrium of matter and feeling attained by him in art, the equilibrium of the concrete world of his incarnation in art; the ideal order established by him in this world of his creating—in these are the fundamental features of his Christianity, of the evangelical truth which he knew and bore within himself, in simplicity and naïveté, childlike, pure. In this is Mozart's Catholicism. And the immediate consequence of his creed is entire creative tranquillity and steadfastness. In questions concerning his art, just as in his creed, Mozart knew no doubts. Nor did he know

creative torments face-to-face. He had confidence in what he was doing, and that was to him the best reward for all the worries of life. His art was the highest æsthetic morality, the accompaniment, as it were, of his religious nature, the direct result of it. For Mozart creative work was not the overcoming of anything. It was not the expression of a state of inward conflict, leading in the end to comprehension; when comprehension as an aim arises only as the final attainment of what is created, and the creative process serves merely as an attempt at enlightenment, back to deliverance, as was always characteristic of, let us say, Beethoven. Mozart created as though in a state of equable and uninterrupted inspiration. His creative work was the expression of a comprehension acquired beforehand and unsought; it seemed to act apart from him, as though he were only its passive escort. Hence the evenness of the spiritual temperature of his music, and its constant sojourning in a state of grace. After Mozart we see the first ominous signs of the discord which led in the nineteenth century to the division between the æsthetic and the moral (ethical) sense in music, to the disagreement between art and life, between personal sentiment and public matters, between the individual and the collective, between the artist and the people.

I doubt if the meaning of the Christian outlook on the world was revealed to Mozart; if he had any pronounced theological views on the subject, but essentially he was a supremely Christian artist, in simplicity, straightforwardness, and naïve purity.

This direct and naïve simplicity served as his self-defence against all the enticements of learning and knowledge, from which fate saved him.

The path of Mozart's brief existence led from a passionate love of life to submission and a humble and resigned recognition of the end that awaited him. His whole life is æsthetic and moral order, free from doubts or warrings, childlike in its unconcern. His art is distinguished by an inconceivable ease of incarnation; in his music he is the direct heir of the instrumental dialectics of the eighteenth century, a heritage which imparted steadfastness and durability to his thought and his sense of form. And suddenly there is a gap, a terrible recognition of his doom, of ruin and disaster. 'The Magic Flute' and the 'Requiem' are sobs of despair. Why should it be? Why? Everything crashes and falls into the abyss, and there is no answer or solution. Death. Death without a visible cause, in an enigmatical setting. The loneliness of dying, the melting like wax. The desertion by everyone. Not a soul followed him to the grave—it was raining! After death, suddenly national fame, then world fame

and mummification, i.e., 'classicism,' to which he was assigned, and in which everything vital in him and his art is diligently and persistently destroyed, and he is transformed into a mortal, impersonal quantity, into a dead value of general culture, into current coin. There you have the fundamental features of the Mozart legend. This legend or myth that has been created round the name of Mozart is as dear to us as his music. We love him childlike, angelically sweet, sunny, dying in his youth, buried in a common grave. We love the tragic breeze that blows about him, just as we love the deafness of Beethoven, the heroic obduracy of his refusal to be reconciled to his fate, and the compassion for humanity which no other musician felt as he did. Just as we love the non-recognition, the bourgeois greatness, and the pitiful poverty of Schubert; the burnt-out life of Baudelaire and his demoniacal ravings; the incomprehensible achievement of Rimbaud's genius in breaking a way through art into the eternal; and so forth. Without all this none of them would have been what they have become to us. We love it if only that we may shut ourselves up in our own happiness, since the misfortunes of others always add to our sense of well-being. It is pleasant to sit at home in a warm room and experience the terrors of freezing cold; to stimulate one's appetite by the hunger of another. This depraved feeling represents one of the most subtle reactions of art, but the disaster must, of course, be genuine and real, and not merely imaginary; otherwise we should not appreciate it.

A Lorenzo da Ponte.

Vienna, Septembre, 1791.

Très cher monsieur!

Je voudrais suivre votre conseil, mais comment y parvenir? J'ai la tête perdue, je suis à bout de forces et ne puis chasser de mes yeux l'image de cet inconnu. Je le vois continuellement, qui me prie, me sollicite et me réclame impatiemment mon travail. Je continue, parce que la composition me fatigue moins que le repos. Au surplus, je ne veux plus prendre rien à cœur. Je le sens à quelque chose qui me prouve que l'heure sonne. Je suis sur le point d'expirer. J'ai fini avant d'avoir joui de mon talent. La vie, pourtant, était si belle, la carrière s'ouvrait sous des auspices tellement fortunés! . . . Mais on ne peut changer son propre destin. Nul ne mesure ses propres jours: il faut se résigner! il en sera ce qu'il plaira à la Providence. Je termine: c'est mon chant funèbre et je ne dois pas le laisser imparfait.

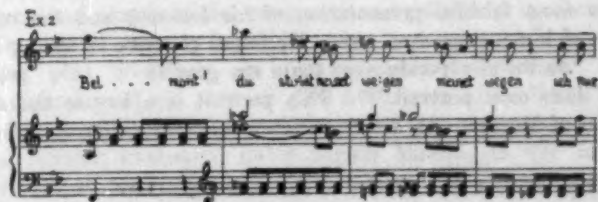
MOZART.

Love and death were always Mozart's chief themes, and he never treated them lightly. Music was to him the medium whereby he revealed their meaning in sound. Throughout his life it was sinful, *i.e.* earthly, love—though he was not conscious of its sinfulness. Passionate languor in the erotic conception was for him asserted only on this plane. And in that conception only the breathing of death always came, bringing with it the tragic parting from the vale of earth, so full of charm, and the loss of joy in and passionate attachment to the earthly. In the last years of his life he received illumination—everything passionate and earthly was surrendered as a sacrifice to the super-personal and heavenly. 'The Magic Flute' and the 'Requiem' offer exceptionally strong evidence of this. The former stands before us as a duel between the earthly and the heavenly, between man and God; not in the sense of antagonism to God, of opposing man to Him, but in the passionate attachment to the earthly, to the dear, native vale. The submission to the Supreme Power takes place only that he may obtain by prayer his earthly happiness, his right to a passionate attachment to the natural corruption, so dear to him, to that which is dust and ashes and is given to us here, in this vale of tears. Not the overcoming of the earthly by suppression of self in order to find the Kingdom of Heaven, and in love to God, but a resigned submission to every kind of ordeal, to a heroic test endured to the end, which, however, is nourished solely by the hope of finding the earthly, of complete self-assertion—in just this corruptible and earthly happiness. All the creative powers possessed by Mozart, all the witchery, all the charms and seductions which art conceals are here flung into the devil's bowl. Like Orpheus, Mozart in 'The Magic Flute' enchants and bewitches, creating an extraordinary world of captivating beauty, obtaining through prayer the Euridice-soul of art, freely-begotten of the poet, summoned to life by man, but in the mystical order, a captive to Zoroaster. This dust of the poet is not with the heathen gods, as in the ancient world, but with the God of the Christians, with Christ Himself. The Orphean myth of the Greeks is resurrected here, but with a different meaning. It is now converted into the problem of the free nature of art created by man and the necessity of its subjection to God. Mozart, who more than anyone might be likened to Orpheus, has given us in his production a mysterious and extraordinary revelation of this myth. Hence all the sinful charm of this amazing score, which in this sense has nothing like it in music; and hence the seductiveness of its singular beauty. Pure in its musical substance, this work is at the same time one of the most exceptional manifestations of seduction by the charm of the art itself, as a world of spontaneous and captivating beauty. Mozart, the most Christian and gentle of artists,

has created a work in which we have a supreme effort to obtain the utmost freedom. He exorcises by the witchery given to him of God Himself, he submits to His will, but only in order to acquire by prayer the freedom of his own free spirit, his human spirit, and to assert a happiness that shall be earthly and temporal and not heavenly and eternal. In that consists the mytho-creative meaning of this mysterious work, attired in the vestments of a naïve nursery-tale.

Baudelaire says in one place: 'Il est plus difficile d'aimer Dieu que de croire en lui. Au contraire, il est plus difficile pour les gens de ce siècle de croire au Diable que de l'aimer. Tout le monde le sent et personne n'y croit. Sublime subtilité du Diable.' In these words, perhaps, is the meaning of the eternal problem of art, of which I have spoken.

The 'Requiem' was the culmination of the tragedy and of Mozart's life-destiny, and the final solution of his artistic problem. It originated entirely in the light of the Christian idea. It is wholly on the plane of the supernatural. His catharsis, purification and penitence. Here the earthly is definitely sacrificed to the heavenly. In the 'Requiem' we find reconciliation and submission carried to the extreme, to self-extinction. The creative will of the artist is no longer directed to the assertion of anything *here*, but to a striving towards what is *there*, in the life beyond, eternal, incorruptible. Mozart does not exorcise nor obtain earthly happiness from God by prayer. He prays to Him for a fervent submissiveness, in which his whole life, so passionately spent, is melted like wax. The theme of death is not an abstraction here, and the exposition of it is almost a diary of Mozart himself. Death came for him before he could finish his composition. And previously the harmonies of death had always been so piercing with Mozart. As in 'Don Juan,' and even earlier. With rare exceptions, in nearly every one of his chamber compositions, to say nothing of the big instrumental works, there gleams the chiaroscuro of that music which might be termed the harmonies of death. Here is an example, showing with what passionate agitation he speaks of death in 'Il Seraglio':



The 'Requiem' is built entirely on the harmonies of death. But death shows itself here in an altogether different guise from that in which Mozart had perceived it before. It may have an intimidating appearance in the 'Requiem,' but he conquers the feeling of terror, since he no longer dreads the rupture with this world. Death now sounds to him as a deliverance. Why, he had summoned it long ago, had awaited it as a comforter, as his 'best friend,' to use his own expression. Now nothing binds him any more, not even the art to which he was so passionately devoted, nor the love of the world. Real freedom is attained, the supreme and ultimate freedom. Everything in him is turned to God, and to God alone. Therefore, in the 'Requiem' there are none of the charms and enchantments which were in 'The Magic Flute.' There is no more need for exorcisms and incantations, since there is nothing to stand out for, to win by prayer, except the salvation of his own soul. He prays meekly, humbly, purely, in tears and emotion. And the Lord sends him such inspiration, and grants him such winged ease in the creative incarnation of these last pages of his, that it is clear to us that his prayer must have been heard. Never since in Christian music has there rung out a voice of such purity, such submissive meekness, so filled with profound religious feeling, as in these dying prayers of Mozart.

In the iconography of Mozart contemporary with him a quite exceptional place is occupied by a portrait of the composer hitherto but little known. It was painted at Salzburg by an unknown master in 1776, i.e., when the subject was only twenty years old. This portrait, reproduced here, was sent by Mozart to Padre Martini, and is in the Lycée Musical at Bologna. It stands out amongst the other representations of Mozart and is so striking that comment is superfluous; it speaks very decisively for itself.

This work cannot, of course, be regarded as apocryphal, as an invention, the result merely of the portraitist's imagination. There is certainly no question of an absolute physical resemblance to the original. It does not greatly matter whether it is an exact likeness or not. What is important is that Mozart himself evidently considered it as a most faithful presentation of his features and the one that expressed him better than any. He found pleasure in seeing himself thus. 'Je lui ai répondu avec toute ma gravité . . . tel que je figure dans mon portrait.'⁽⁸⁾ This portrait is a key to the comprehension of Mozart. As direct evidence concerning him it is far more

(8) From a letter to his father of September 23, 1777.

reliable than the bulk of the critical and historical material put together by those who, whilst seeming to take part in the creation of a Mozart mythology, in reality produced a distorted conception of him. The Salzburg portrait by the unknown artist is part of the legend. When we look at this painting we see him who later became the creator of 'Don Juan,' 'The Magic Flute' and the 'Requiem,' who gave expression to the anguish of the human heart. We see the bearer of passionate rapture and mortal grief, and not him whom historical appreciation, in its cultural application, has turned into an impersonal classic. Nor him who has been mummified and drained of blood by the academics and the professors of conservatories for one hundred and fifty years.

On an equality with this mysterious painting, we have on the plane of literary appreciation the testimony of a contemporary, in the dramatic scena of Pushkin's 'Mozart and Salieri.' The Russian poet, who was akin to Mozart in a greater degree than anyone in the whole of world-art, created in a few versified monologues just such an incarnation of the composer's form. Committing himself to the enigmatical legend fed by historical rumour, he rises to a revelation, based on Mozart, of the very problem of art, of art in its highest aspect, in its aesthetic and ethic unity. To the same category of values belongs the literary fantasy of the German novelist, E. T. A. Hoffmann, particularly his novel 'Don Juan' and some semi-delirious pages from the biography of Kapellmeister Kreisler. These few but inspired testimonies of many generations ago speak nothing but the truth concerning Mozart. Interweaving the truth of life with poetic invention (in which, perhaps, the greatest truth is always to be found), they indicate the path that leads to him who,

Like some cherub,
Brought to us songs of Paradise,
That, having awakened the unwinged desire
In us, the children of the dust,
He might afterwards take flight.

In a letter concerning Mozart, printed as a supplement to a biographical sketch of the composer, and published by Stendhal, the latter says: 'Mozart, considéré sous le rapport philosophique, est encore plus étonnant que comme auteur d'ouvrages sublimes. Jamais le hasard n'a présenté plus à nu, pour ainsi dire, l'âme d'un homme de génie. Le corps était pour aussi peu que possible dans cette réunion étonnante qu'on appela Mozart, et que les Italiens nomment aujourd'hui *quel mostro d'ingegno*.' It was an error on

the part of Stendhal to imagine that there was little of the corporeal in Mozart, and that he represented almost exclusively the expression of the emotional, soulful nature of art. Stendhal, like Nietzsche, was enraptured with the unusual, spiritually refined world of Mozart; with the inexhaustible spring of feeling with which he was filled; with the extraordinary tenderness and sweetness of his musical language; but Stendhal did not comprehend the amazing unity of the material and the spiritual world, one and indivisible—a unity without which Mozart's music loses all meaning. If the corporeal had been absent, that music would have been doubly emotional, i.e., sentimental, and of this there is no trace. Mozart was endowed with an exceptional passionateness, which drew him irresistibly, but he was not at all sentimental. The corporeal in his art was unusually real; he possessed it in the highest degree, and it was just this which manifested itself in his mastery of the dark principle, as the ecstatic principle leading to the exaggeration and emotional excitement which arose in music after him, partly with the first romantics, and came to the full with the later representatives, especially Wagner. But Mozart appears to be the supreme exponent of an unusual balance and harmony of the most perfect material form, of extreme emotional expression in music. The world of his music is ideally constructive and ideally virile. Its sensual tenderness is not passively feminine, but of the actively masculine order. His art is not passively contemplative, but lyrically active. His lyricism is not of the passively suffering and enduring type (like Chopin's), but always the lyricism of dramatic action, the continuous dynamics created by the collision of a genuine sense of tragedy arising from the contact with reality. The exceptional aristocratism of his creative nature, the refinement of form, the amazing sense of proportion with which he was endowed, the equilibrium between any spiritual state and its creative incarnation which he was always able to attain—all this created a world of music self-contained, complete and harmonious, behind whose external veil flaming passions live and strange shadows move; but to hear plainly the living language of this music, to penetrate the living feeling in this world, a sensitive ear and keen attention are needed. First of all, it is necessary to receive and assimilate Mozart, liberating his music from the hard crust of the dead traditionalism and conventionality which have grown round it by this time. In this consists almost the chief difficulty with regard to it, and this it is which makes him really accessible only to a very few in these days. For the rest he is simply tedious.

The cause of this is, perhaps, his classicism and the fact that he has received general recognition and is within the reach of everyone. Mozart's music is almost the most difficult for modern reception; it is more difficult than Bach, and certainly than Beethoven, for direct and

living reception, of course, without which it has no value beyond that of the archæological museum.

The other day I read in the newspapers of a conversation with Richard Strauss. He says: 'Mozart . . . it's wonderful, it's beautiful beyond words. But, you see, I'm not particularly fond of men who love Mozart, that is to say, who go into noisy raptures about him. I'm on my guard and don't believe them. To love Mozart one must be either a simpleton or God. . . . Well, you must agree that there are rather more simpletons in the world. I would much sooner hear a man confess that he loved Schumann most of all, or Wagner, or myself. I know at least with whom I have to do.'

If Strauss means by this that in order to love Mozart one must be as wise as God, or as simple and naïve as a child, he is right, but I fear that he intends it differently. It is not easy in these days to come across a man who frankly admits that he does not like Mozart. We do, however, find that there is a majority of people to whom his music is intolerable and tedious, but who feign a love for him in order to reject as worthless the new things created by contemporary composers. Such an attitude to Mozart is the worst of evils. God preserve us from 'Mozartism' of this kind!

ARTHUR LOURIE.

Translated by S. W. PAING.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE COMPOSER

It is the fashion nowadays among musical writers to acknowledge that music is essentially subjective in nature. Few, however, follow out this precept; instead, they proceed to discuss various æsthetic or psychological problems as if music had by itself an objective existence, as if form, content, programme, goodness or badness, and the like were physical entities. The result is that all our theories and our criticisms are hopelessly biased, usually without our conscious knowledge, by our personal tastes, our sentiments and temperamental characteristics. It seems to me that no scientific study of music (as distinct from mere sound) will be possible until we conform to the thesis that *music is wholly contained within the psychology of the composer, the performer and the listener, and their interactions*. Owing to our extreme ignorance of these subjects we have become accustomed to objectifying the subjective sensations and emotions that we call music, and to wrangling about these artificial abstractions.

Hence I wish to make a start in this essay from the psychological point of view by considering a number of great composers to see whether a study of their personalities, their methods of work and other factors throws any light on their musical characteristics. But musical characteristics are, strictly speaking, the effects of their music on our minds and not objective things. Hence we must attempt throughout to discount our personal opinions and postulate instead a perfect or absolutely normal listener. He would be a generalisation or consensus of enlightened appreciation, being wholly impartial and unbiased by too much or too little knowledge or capacity for feeling, by intellectual or emotional peculiarities. Of course it is impossible to eliminate oneself entirely, but if one tries to recognise and allow for one's own departures from this normality, the hypothetical listener may be a very useful psychological concept. For example, we can define greatness or goodness of a piece of music, in terms of him, as the intensity of æsthetic pleasure or value he obtains from hearing a hypothetically perfect performance of this music.

If, then, we can isolate these subjective characteristics of a composer's music, it should be theoretically possible to correlate them all with the psychology of the composer. Actually, owing to the complexity of the factors involved it is most unlikely that we shall discover any exact interdependencies. I have selected twenty of the greatest composers for my main study and collected the available evidence as

to their personal and psychological traits. By comparing these results with certain aspects of their musical effects I hope, at most, to make some inconclusive generalisations and to indicate approximate tendencies for the two sets of data to fit together or to be causally connected.

Considerable difficulties arise immediately. Trustworthy biographical data are not forthcoming with regard to many composers, hence I am scarcely able to include a larger number, and composers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, such as Byrd and Palestrina, are almost out of the question. Secondly, it is quite impossible to judge modern composers impartially, i.e., to know what would be the reaction to them of our normal listener; hence I have had to exclude all names from Debussy onwards. Even with these limitations no two musicians would agree as to the twenty greatest composers. However, keeping in mind the definition of 'greatness' given above, the following list (chronologically arranged) will, I hope, be fairly acceptable:—Purcell, Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, Verdi, Franck, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak, Grieg.

As it happens this list contains the twenty composers whose works (with the exception of Chopin's) are most often performed at Promenade concerts,⁽¹⁾ and though this criterion was not applied in the process of selection, it seems to me quite a good justification.

Taking it for what it is worth, let us start with comparatively non-controversial traits such as the importance of heredity and environment in determining musical creativeness. Six of these composers, i.e., thirty per cent., were born of parents who were very musical; their fathers, and often their near relations and children, if any, were usually professional performers or composers. Among forty per cent. some musical tendencies appear in their ancestors, their fathers or mothers were good amateur performers. But in the remaining thirty per cent. no musical traits can be found among their immediate ancestors; moreover the transmission of musical talent over several generations is extremely rare, the Bach and Couperin families being almost the only examples. As to environmental influences, the majority, sixty per cent., had good opportunities for the development of their musical powers, and were encouraged and well trained in youth, but the remainder often had to fight against considerable difficulties. Either they were forbidden by their parents to take up

(1) Actually Moussorgsky, Rimsky Korsakov and several contemporary composers are, on the whole, played more frequently than some on this list, and most of us would, no doubt, regard Moussorgsky as a greater man than Grieg. But I confess to having shirked the Russian nationalists, both because their psychology is so different from that of Western Europeans and from lack of adequate English biographies.

music professionally, or had little opportunity for doing so. Though most composers evidently studied extremely hard before they were able to express themselves effectively, yet, from the consideration of Mozart, Schubert and Berlioz, it appears that the technical aspects of the creative faculty can, in some way, be partly inborn. Thus we may conclude that both the emotional and intellectual bases of musical creativeness cannot be explained away simply as the result of immediate inheritance, or of pure environmental influence, but seem to constitute a recessive biological tendency depending on other unknown conditions.

No obvious differences are to be found in the musical natures of those who had musical or unmusical parents, or of those who were or were not given favourable environmental facilities. Possibly performing capacities have some effects. Of these composers sixty-five per cent. were professional performers, often virtuosi on one or more instruments; twenty-five per cent. usually played only in private, and ten per cent. (Berlioz and Wagner) scarcely played any instrument. Hence one cannot say that the composer always differs from the ordinary man in being a fine instrumentalist. The influence of such proficiency on the style of composition is more obvious in the long run than in particular cases. Thus, with some justification, Dyson⁽²⁾ traces the modern mechanisation of music, the use of unprepared discords, multiple tonality, massed quantitative effects and the neglect of writing interesting parts for each performer in concerted music to the pianoforte with its equal temperament and deficiencies in the representation of contrapuntal style. But these faults do not necessarily appear in the works of the best pianists, nor even of those who are known to have employed the piano at some stage in composition. One hears from various sources of a great many composers who make more or less use of it, for example:—Haydn, Beethoven, Meyerbeer (who is held up by Stanford⁽³⁾ as a warning example), Chopin, Schumann (up to the end of his great piano period, after which he advises to the contrary), Liszt, Wagner (in spite of his incompetence), Tchaikovsky, Debussy, Elgar, Scriabin and Vaughan Williams. Signs of it probably appear in the work of Chopin and Scriabin, while Beethoven's earlier works contain many more virtuoso passages than his later ones which he had to produce purely auditorily, by means of the 'inner ear.'

The influence of the organ betrays itself more clearly at many points in the works of Bach, Franck and Elgar. A similar more trivial instance is afforded by the large intervals found in the

(2) G. Dyson. *The New Music*. 1924.

(3) C. V. Stanford. *Musical Composition*. 1912.

pianoforte works of Weber and Franck, who are said, themselves, to have possessed very large hands.

This leads us to the employment of external aids to inspiration and their effect. Wagner, for example, could only compose when wearing a satin dressing-gown, and in luxuriously comfortable surroundings. Haydn always liked to dress in his best clothes, wearing his ring from the King of Prussia, and, when engaged on 'The Creation,' prayed before starting work. Gluck, it seems, stimulated himself with champagne. César Franck aroused his creative faculty by thumping noisy music on the piano by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann and Wagner, and there is some evidence that Bach employed a like method before improvisation and composition. Though the former conditions are possibly irrelevant to the musical effects, the latter might seem at first sight to lead to lack of originality. But they are not really abnormal, for every great composer teaches and stimulates himself by hearing and studying the works of his predecessors, more or less of whose influence can always be found in his own early productions. According to Sabaneev,⁽⁴⁾ when the fount of inspiration dries up temporarily the best way to set it going again is to work at contrapuntal and other technical exercises.

Now it seems to me possible to introduce some systematisation or generalisation at this point into composers' methods. Only a small step in the scientific direction can be expected at first, namely, a rough classification of composers according to their source of inspiration and processes of composition. Thus Schweitzer,⁽⁵⁾ from this standpoint, distinguishes the objective and subjective types of composers. The former sums up and works out in his music all the artistic endeavours of his own and previous generations, but does not open out new paths; his normal personality has no apparent direct relation to his artistic personality. On the other hand the subjective composer's music emanates from his personality; he is comparatively independent of his musical epoch. Schweitzer gives Bach and Wagner as representative composers of these types, probably Purcell and Haydn would fit in with the first category more appropriately. Now I wish to advance the theory that this classification corresponds to typical distinctions in the personalities of the composers (which will be considered shortly) and various other determining factors, and so, ultimately, produces distinct effects on our normal listener. The question is, what differences in musical qualities would be noticeable to this listener; any generalisations we make about various kinds of music are likely to be subjectively prejudiced. But possibly we are

(4) L. Sabaneev. *The Psychology of the Musico-Creative Process*, *Psyche*, No. 33. 1928. pp. 37-54.

(5) A. Schweitzer. *J. S. Bach*. Translated by E. Newman. 1911.

justified in assuming that many composers can be classified into three rough divisions, namely, the classical, the romantic and the rest whom we may, with some distortion, call the intermediate. I shall concentrate chiefly on this grouping though, with more extended study, it should be possible to isolate several other characteristics and treat them similarly. The utmost divergence is to be expected among ordinary listeners in assigning my twenty composers to their groups, and I give the following lists with diffidence for lack of a more satisfactory musical classification. I have tried to base it on the musical effects that their best and most typical works are likely to have on our listener and to disregard, for the moment, all historical, technical and similar criteria.

CLASSICAL

Purcell
Handel
Haydn
Mozart

INTERMEDIATE

Bach
Mendelssohn
Verdi
Franck
Brahms
Dvorak

ROMANTIC

Beethoven
Weber
Schubert
Berlioz
Chopin
Schumann
Liszt
Wagner
Tchaikovsky
Grieg

I shall take this, then, as a rough preliminary attempt. Now can we identify objective-subjective differences in methods of composition with the resulting classical-romantic musical effects? Though we seldom admit it, the greater part of music depends in some way on extra-musical emotions or incidents for its inspiration; as Tchaikovsky⁽⁶⁾ wrote in a letter, all music is programme in a sense, the point is whether the programme is objective or subjective. Abstract music is the exception rather than the rule, and as such it seems to be produced almost solely by classical composers. But we also find that the objective classicists are those who make most use of realistic or objective programmes, i.e., who attempt to reproduce actual sounds of nature or incidents in music. The subjective romanticists either express in music their own mood or else the feelings aroused by some incident or idea. To substantiate this account I will consider shortly most of these composers. (But I must make the reservation that I am referring only to the music of each composer which the normal listener might consider his best. Probably every composer has produced examples of 'suggestive realism'; for instance, writing a running accompaniment to a song that mentions water,

(6) M. Tchaikovsky. *The Life and Letters of Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky*. Translated by R. Newmarch. 1906.

which does not, however, pretend to sound like water. Again many classicists attempted to express the emotions of words, and most romanticists have written abstract sonatas or fugues, in which forms, however, both were relatively unsuccessful. I must also admit that my own subjective biases are only too likely to intrude in this controversial section.)

Purcell was chiefly abstract or realistic and so conforms, in what we know of him, to the general plan, though songs such as 'Dido's Lament' might be raised as evidence against it. Mozart, like Beethoven, Brahms and others, composed best out of doors, and is said to have translated impressions from the other senses habitually into musical terms. But he is clearly the most abstract of all on my list; outdoor scenes can hardly be considered as his source of inspiration any more than Haydn's best clothes were to Haydn.

Though Bach is regarded as purely realistic by Schweitzer, he was probably more often subjectively inspired by his religion and is therefore neither purely classical nor romantic. Mendelssohn was often directly stimulated by outdoor scenes, though specifically denying that he wished to reproduce, e.g., Fingal's Cave, and originating the phrase 'music expresses thoughts too definite to put into words.' Though his music deteriorated later in life as he grew out of this romantic habit, yet he showed many classical tendencies, and, as we shall see later, his personality type supports this account of him. Brahms and Dvorak were also intermediate in their best compositions; though producing much romantic work they show their objective programme tendencies—realism having gone out of fashion—in the 'Academical Festival Overture' and the symphony 'From the New World,' respectively, just as Bach, Handel and Haydn used other people's tunes, folk melodies and chorales.

Turning to the romanticists, Beethoven seems to have expressed his idealistic strivings in his greatest works though, admittedly, on rare occasions he produced inferior realistic ones such as the 'Battle of Vittoria' and the Sixth Symphony (much of which is pure *Malerei*, in spite of his assertion). He also differs from Mozart in employing the analytic method of composition. Cecil Gray⁽⁷⁾ compares them to two authors. Mozart thinks of his characters first and then lets them interact; Beethoven starts with the plot and gradually evolves the characters out of it. That is, the one synthesises his themes into a harmonious whole which finds its best expression in sonata form, the other strained classical forms considerably in his early periods till they broke completely as he changed to romanticism. Later romantic composers have either used this analytic method, or else have

(7) C. Gray. *The History of Music*. 1928.

expressed emotional soliloquies in music (e.g., symphonic poems), without adopting a specific structure.

Schubert (and Wolf) translated the emotions of the words they were setting into music, realism was subservient and was of the suggestive, not of the crude objective type. Weber similarly expressed an emotional programme, in the *Konzertstück*, for example. When stimulated by outdoor scenes particular types of landscape were not correlated with particular types of music, i.e., there was no attempt at representation. And when patriotic sentiments inspired some of his best compositions he avoided the realistic use of trumpet calls and the like.

Berlioz, Chopin, Wagner and Liszt were frequently stirred to creation by their love affairs, but they seldom tended towards realism. Chopin definitely disliked programme music; it is noticeable that his output stopped completely after his final break with George Sand. Wagner similarly composed most of 'Tristan' under the influence of an open amour with Mathilde Wesendonck; though, like Wolf, he visualised the scenes and characters while composing, he did not really unify the arts on an equal basis, nor set words and incidents to music, in spite of his polemics; his operas consist primarily of subjective symphonies. Berlioz and Liszt also did not try to illustrate so much as to express the emotions of the words of their programmes.

Though Schumann states that he gave titles to his pieces after composition, literary ideas must have influenced him in a subjective way more than any other composer. Tchaikovsky, in his symphonies, approaches Beethoven's conceptions, and his symphonic poems were inspired by emotional themes such as *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, etc. Finally Grieg admitted that conjugal affection inspired many of his best songs.

We see then that there are many exceptions, and that most composers exhibit both classical and romantic tendencies at different times of life. Nevertheless there seems to be some justification for my generalisation; the external stimulus to composition is more often subjective among the romanticists and either impersonal and abstract or objective among the classicists. We can now turn to the composers' psychologies to see whether any classification based on personality traits is similar, for then I shall hope to have established that the personality type is of some importance in determining the musical type.

Now the difficulty arises that we must not incautiously consider the usually accepted traits such as idealism, uprightness, kindness, emotionality, etc., since biographers' opinions are certain to be prejudiced. Psychological research on the estimation of character has

proved unmistakably that reliable data must be based on facts of behaviour, not on subjective suppositions.⁽⁸⁾ Thus some people find Chopin's compositions delicate, fastidious and lacking in vitality, as was his personality, Beethoven being the opposite; but neither on the listener's nor on the composer's side are such characteristics sufficiently definite to be demonstrated as causally connected. Similarly the emotion of a great deal of the music of Franck and Tchaikovsky seems to many to become forced and artificial, almost insincere at times, and Schubert's music is often deficient as regards the critical sense, while, as contrasted with Bach and Beethoven, their characters were lacking in strength and determination. But these are isolated and highly controversial equivalences. Not infrequently compensation appears in music, Franck and Stanford are sometimes given as examples, also Wagner who, the more voluptuous and selfish he grew, the more he portrayed austerity and renunciation.

But one of the commonest generalisations that one finds in second-rate novels is that artists are wild, unkempt, neurotic Bohemians, continuously engaged in illicit love affairs, suffering terrible hardships before they receive recognition, and dying young. Goethe's well-known 'Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass . . . Der kennt euch nicht ihr himmlischen Mächte' is supposed to support this, while the 'insanity of genius' has become a catchword. But is there any objective evidence for it to be found among great composers? To Beethoven and certain others it seems to have some applicability. He was probably the most ill-mannered, awkward and unconventional of men, extremely absent minded and unintellectual in ordinary affairs. While expressing the noblest sentiments in his Mass in D, he quite unscrupulously tried to obtain money for it from six different publishers. It is unnecessary to multiply instances; Berlioz, Wagner, Wolf and others closely resemble the type that is well portrayed in Margaret Kennedy's *The Constant Nymph* and in Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe*.

On the other hand, Bach was the upright and highly respectable father of twenty children, and Schweitzer calls him a comfortable burgher. Though pugnacious where his rights were concerned he is shown, by Professor Terry, to have been a thoroughly social person. Moreover he possessed a very considerable knowledge of organ and

(8) I may, quite justifiably, be accused of selecting such facts of behaviour as fit in with my own theories, of developing portraits from these that are as distorted as those of most biographers. My only reply is that I have tried to collect all my material, to read several lives of each composer (if possibly opposed) before starting to make any generalisations or work out any hypotheses. I will refrain from troubling the reader with a bibliography of the books and articles consulted, except in special cases. The accounts in Grove's dictionary are often some of the best, and most of the other references are given there.

harpsichord construction, of acoustics and the theory of music, was intelligent and good at business. Mendelssohn lived a comparatively easy and happy life, and this is often cited as producing in his work a lack of profundity; but Brahms wholly negatives such a principle.

This superficial consideration suggests that the divergence may be solved by the generalisation which has been expressed thus by Goethe: 'the classic is the hale man, the romantic the sick man.' To test its truth there is no need to present here an examination of each of my twenty composers in detail; instead, I have applied statistical method in order to determine numerically the degree of interdependence of some of these personality traits and romanticism in music.⁽⁹⁾ It then appears that there is a fairly close relationship between what I will call non-sociality and romanticism; that is, on the average, romantic composers are likely to be more socially unconventional, 'bearish' or Bohemian and the classical are likely to be more socially normal. Secondly, there is a less marked but still fairly significant correlation between hypersexuality and romanticism; that is, the romantics are somewhat liable to have many love affairs which definitely seem to stimulate inspiration in some way, the intermediate class usually marry once and live happily in a normal way, and the classicists may even tend to be undersexed. Everyone will think of composers for whom this statement is untrue, but the numerical data show objectively that there is a tendency in this direction and that there are, on the whole, more agreements than disagreements.

Thirdly, as to physique. Composers in general are well up to the average in health; thus Wallace⁽¹⁰⁾ showed for seventy-one composers that the average length of life was 61 years, while for my twenty the figure is 56½ years. Their dates of birth range round 1787, on the average, when expectation of life, at the age of entering on a vocation was, presumably, much lower than it is now. Hence the notion that they die young is seldom borne out. Nor does 'the insanity of genius' really apply, for those composers, Schumann, Wolf, Smetana and McDowall, who died insane, were subject to physiological rather than mental diseases. No significant difference is to be found between the average life periods of classical and romantic composers, but there is some tendency for the latter to have the poorer physique (in spite of the exceptions of Mozart and Wagner).

(9) Such treatment by no means proves a causal connection, especially when such small numbers are concerned, but it indicates the probability of such a connection. For the sake of mathematicians I will summarise the technical procedure: the threefold mean square contingency method was adopted. Most of the coefficients obtained lay between .5 and .7 out of a maximum possible .816. The probable errors were about .1.

(10) W. Wallace. *The Musical Faculty*. 1914.

Ill health probably has but little influence on the quality of composition, rather affecting quantity. Grieg, for instance, was extremely unhealthy; similarly Mozart, Beethoven and Weber produced many of their greatest and by no means only their most serious works when suffering most from illness and external troubles. Berlioz' inspiration was almost dried up, not diminished in quality, after the age of 38 by his physical sufferings. Cecil Gray⁽¹¹⁾ stresses the curious fact that Weber, Bellini and Chopin all died young of consumption, as also did Keats, and he suggests that their music and Keats' poetry show similarities such as 'an uncertain critical sense and . . . over-luscious sentimentality,' 'the morbidity and feverish exaltation' of the disease appearing in their productions. It is open to question whether most people, i.e., the normal listener, would spontaneously perceive this similarity; even if they did the case is too isolated to be really significant without further evidence, and he forgets the inconsistency introduced by Purcell who is generally admitted to have been consumptive. Like Beethoven, Schütz became deaf in his later years and is said to exhibit similar subjective resignation; but here again the inference of a connection between disease and music is contradicted by Boyce's symphonies, probably written when he was completely deaf.

Fourthly, let us consider traits such as general intelligence, historical or critical interests, scientific or organising agility, competency and industriousness in matters other than the composition of music. Here it is difficult to see any correlation with the musical type. Handel, Weber, Mendelssohn and Wagner are perhaps most noted for their extra-musicocreative activities, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert least so. Ernest Newman⁽¹²⁾ points out that the classical composers were on the whole less generally cultured, being below the level of the intellectual life of the times as represented by poets and philosophers. He also tries to establish a connection between their prose and musical styles, expecting 'structural resemblances in all a man's intellectual activities.'⁽¹³⁾ Thus Berlioz' writings are 'flamboyant exaggerations,' Wagner wrote highly involved prose, and Schubert's letters are in a simple 'diatonic' style. We may note also that Schweitzer calls the objective composers—painters, the subjective—poets in music. Actually in extra-musical life Mendelssohn and Franck were artists and Bach was good at drawing title page designs, but very bad at making up his own cantata texts; while Weber, Berlioz, Schumann, Wagner and Tchaikovsky were noted

(11) *op. cit.*

(12) E. Newman. *Musical Studies*. 1905.

(13) E. Newman. *Preface to F. Schubert's Letters*. Edited by O. E. Deutsch. 1928.

for their literary activities, the two latter being almost blind to the plastic arts. This relationship, therefore, probably has some significance.

Though romantic composers may have been more generally educated, many of them were less strictly trained in musical composition, and Schubert and Chopin possibly owe much of their originality to lack of teaching. In fact, Sir Henry Hadow⁽¹⁴⁾ regards this condition as one of the main causes of the less formal and restrained romantic style; but it hardly applies to Beethoven, Weber, Schumann, Tchaikovsky and Grieg. In the nature of their profession classicists exhibit also a slight tendency to be better instrumentalists and performers than romanticists. It is noticeable that, in spite of the exception of Schubert, the romantics seem to reach maturity somewhat later in life—on the average about seven years. But this is doubtful, since it is a most invidious and unreliable task to pick out the earliest work of each composer that may be regarded as of lasting value.

Perhaps we may conclude from these data, first, that a degree of neuroticism may be a factor, not in the production of a composer as such, but in disposing him towards the romantic type of creative work. We might possibly identify classicists with Jung's extrovert, romanticists with his introvert types. Secondly, the composition of classical music tends to be more spontaneous, less influenced by external circumstances (other than the acquirement of technique) than that of romantic music; this fits in with the impersonal-personal or objective-subjective correspondence that we have already noted.

But we have still to consider the most potent condition, one which Parry⁽¹⁵⁾ frequently pointed out, namely, the social, political and philosophical environment, the predominant values of the periods in which composers lived, and the nature of their audiences. Before Beethoven reached his prime the aristocracy were all important in Europe, music was regarded as a craft or a kind of light entertainment for them. The French Revolution was, approximately, the turning point, with it arose democracy and music became the appeal to the emotions of the masses. Similarly Weber, at the outset of his career, considered that the cultivation of his art depended on the patronage of the nobility, but gradually learnt to write for the people. Hence there is a closer connection between classicism-romanticism and the chronological period than between any personality trait and the type of music. Naturally both factors interact, the innate temperamental condition and the environmental influence. But it seems fair to say

(14) W. H. Hadow. *Studies in Modern Music*. 1894-1895. *Collected Essays*. 1928.

(15) C. H. H. Parry. *Studies of Great Composers*. 1886. *The Evolution of the Art of Music*, 1896. *Style in Musical Art*. 1911.

that when a temperamentally romantic composer is born in a classical age his music exhibits marked romantic tendencies, and conversely for a temperamentally classical composer born in a romantic age; Monteverde and Brahms, respectively, are examples. Similarly Beethoven was more classical both in musical style and personality early in life than in his greatest romantic period.

An interesting theory that throws light on this subject was advanced by Forsyth⁽¹⁶⁾ in 1911. He showed that no positive condition in history can ever be found to have given rise to schools of music; the greatest periods seem to come at the wrong times and places, just when and where the general national vitality, as evidenced by greatness in politics and in the other arts, is least apparent. Hence he proposes a negative condition: given favourable circumstances such as wealthy patrons and settled times (which are not in themselves enough to cause musicocreative activity to flourish), it is essential that the nation as a whole should not be looking beyond its borders and striving after world power. Forsyth even thinks it true to say that the size of a nation's navy and its musical productivity tend to vary inversely with one another. This seems to be borne out again and again in history. England has been such a predominantly 'outward looking' nation that music has scarcely had a chance since the years following Magna Carta produced 'Summer is Icumen in.' Purcell may be ascribed to the effects of the Civil War; after him our romanticists in poetry and music, Shelley, Byron, Pierson, Delius, etc., lived abroad in order to escape the suffocating influence of the spirit that strives for world power. One of the main exceptions, which Forsyth does little to explain, is the school of Elizabethan madrigalists.⁽¹⁷⁾ But clearly the outcome of the theory is that music is stimulated from within, as contrasted with the other arts, so that one might expect the temperamental incompatibility to exist only between romantic composers and an extroverted nation.

Similar general influences might be traced between national and racial psychological characteristics and the music of various composers, while analogies between post-war neuroticism, futuristic art in general and contemporary music are often drawn. Such effects, however, may be partly due to musical theories and suggestive titles, or to the interaction of the composer with the characteristics of audiences, rather than to racial factors appearing in his own personality. The subject is too large to deal with here with the requisite impartial objectivity.

We may now attempt to connect up these various links of approach

(16) C. Forsyth. *Music and Nationalism*.

(17) Richard Edwardes was born c. 1523, Orlando Gibbons died in 1625. Thus Drake's voyage round the world (c. 1580) falls about in the middle of this musical epoch.

into a more coherent psychological whole. A rough explanation of these generalisations is that the objective classicists tend not to be introspective about their art. They do their creative work unaffectedly and naturally, without troubling about the æsthetic propriety of realism. Though their composition clearly has some kind of inspirational, emotional basis, it is relatively unformulated and, biologically, deeply rooted; while the intellectual, technical aspects are highly explicit and voluntary. But as composers tend more to the romantic type, the emotion, as it were, rises nearer to the surface, and though Franck and Brahms could hardly have expressed it in words, for Weber, Berlioz, Liszt, etc., it reaches a stage where words usually have to be added to explain the musical result. Hence the commonly given theoretical definition of classicism and romanticism: the former strives at formal perfection, the latter at the expression of emotion. 'The inner essence of the romantic ideal,' to quote Cecil Gray, consists in soliloquy and contemplation . . . in introspection and self-expression rather than in the objective presentation of thematic personalities and their interaction.'

This same distinction may be made in the psycho-analytical account of art. The usual Freudian type of explanation is that art is the symbolical expression of unconscious emotional conflicts. Æstheticians often object that this only holds for bad, representational productions, and that it has no bearing on abstract, classical art. For them art has no connection with life. But in the sphere of romanticism their objections break down, and we may reconcile the views by regarding the more classical art as supra-personal, springing from the deeper, unconscious and primitive human emotions, possibly what Jung calls the 'collective unconscious.'

It cannot be too much emphasised how very general and approximate this analysis is meant to be. Innumerable factors which I have made no attempt to isolate obviously affect each composer when considered in detail. It is quite certain the assignation of composers into definite types is artificial; objective-subjective or classical-romantic are, at most, opposite extremes of a continuous scale at various points along which most composers can be fitted, with some distortion. Different results might emerge by taking into account a larger group of composers. If I tried to extend the generalisation to modern times they would, no doubt, break down even more radically owing to the complete alteration in environmental conditions and in the nature of the medium on which contemporary composers work. However, the conclusions receive some support from a consideration of a few more recent musicians such as Parry and Elgar, Wolf and Delius. The original biographical data that I have used are far

from reliable, composers' introspections being particularly untrustworthy. Statistical procedure also needs very careful handling.

The main conclusions may now be summarised. I have chiefly tried to express a point of view, to show that a scientific approach to musical problems may someday lead to valuable and fertile results. Music should be considered, on the other hand, as a mental or subjective effect in the mind of the listener, and, on the other hand, as the psychological reaction of the composer to his innate temperamental impulses, acquired training and environmental influences. For this purpose twenty great composers of the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries were studied, and an attempt was made to correlate the various factors, using objective, statistical methods wherever possible. It appears that, as regards their ultimate musical effects, composers may be roughly classified into classical, intermediate and romantic types. These types correspond to differences in methods of composition, the classicists tend to write abstractly or to employ objective realism, while the romanticists express in music their own mood, or the emotions aroused by some external stimulus. The personality type is one of the main conditions responsible for this dichotomy; the romanticists are on the whole more neurotic, more non-social, having poorer physique, etc., the classicists are the opposite. But historical and racial factors and the predominant values of the age also play a large part. Psychological and psycho-analytical theories enable us to synthesise these data into a generalised and more or less systematic conception of some of the conditions that determine musical creativeness.

P. E. VERNON.

VOCAL AND UNVOCAL ⁽¹⁾

THE term vocal is not synonymous with easy. Any song, or particular passage, is vocal if it can be sung by the type of voice for which it is written without strain, though not necessarily without effort. Indeed, the term is usually applied to music that requires definite vocal ability on the part of the singer, but it implies that the difficulties to be encountered are of such a nature that they afford healthy exercise to the vocal organs and do not demand the putting forth of energy to the detriment of the singer's instrument. It is as if one said: 'This music may be difficult, but it is proper for the voice to be able to perform it.' It is unnecessary, because it is obvious, to apply the word vocal to music of the elementary Concone standard of difficulty.

(1) The general predominance of interests other than vocal is not bound to make the singer's task an unvocal one, but, in such cases, the listener's enjoyment is not primarily of a vocal nature. Some awkward figures, etc., are vocal; some are not. Any phrase that, by reason of its chaotic nature, cannot be mentally grasped as a unity is unvocal; that which cannot be thought as a phrase cannot be sung as one. One of the great faults in unvocal writing consists of the shortness, rather than the length, of the phrases. The singer never gets 'into his stride' and the voice never 'warms up.' An awkward *tessitura* always convicts a composer of unvocality. Many modern song writers have hazy notions even of vocal compass and still vaguer ideas regarding the 'general lie' of each vocal type. The permissible compass of any voice for vocal declamation is smaller than when singing passages of a flowing or a florid character. In order that a voice may be given its right *tessitura* it is necessary for the majority of the notes in a song to be confined to the middle fifth of whatever type of voice is intended to sing it. To give one concrete example of this point:—The middle fifth of the soprano voice is from A₃ to E₄. Leaving out fractions, the following figures are an analysis of the *tessitura* of 'Ritorna Vincita' from 'Aida'—Middle fifth, 244 units (crotchets); notes above this, 60 units, notes below, 59 units.

If it is considered a musical virtue to score well when writing for an orchestra, why is there not more insistence on the necessity of

(1) Articles on this subject have already appeared in the July and October Numbers.

writing well for the most easily injured of all musical instruments—the human voice?

Apart from *tessitura* there are certain things that a voice of one type can do better than another. To give only one example—a really light soprano voice is naturally more flexible than powerful. But, because it is the fashion of composers to decry *coloratura* singing, there is practically nothing written nowadays to suit the special characteristics of a voice of this class. The pianist, the violinist, indeed any instrumentalist may play florid passages, but the voice is usually shackled to one syllable for each note. While it is true that many fine songs conform to this plan, it is a mistake to suppose all modern songs should adhere to it. The procedure is sometimes defended on the grounds that the words should receive more attention from the singer than the music. This is a specious argument, the truth being that the *spirit* of the words should be embodied in the music and, therefore, the singer who is faithful to the music is nearer to the heart of the poem than the would-be literary, but really literally minded person who would cabin and confine vocal music to the exigency of the elocutionist.

(2) Unaccompanied song may, or may not, be vocal. It is true that an accompaniment can provide an emotional stimulus to a singer, but the latter is often obliged to practise without the aid of the supporting instrumental part, and this does not make the singer's part unvocal.

(3) Professor Dent has hit the nail on the head so squarely that there is no further need to hammer away at the reasons why some singers find folk songs difficult to sing.

(4) Vocality is not mainly a matter of words, though there are certain factors in this connection that are not unimportant. The closed vowel sounds *e* and *oo* give an unpleasantly acute sound to the highest notes of women's voices. This applies, in a lesser degree, to some of the notes in a man's voice, but these are only the exceptionally high ones.

No composer who knows his business would expect a singer to emit high notes on such a sentence as 'the ecstatic spring.' Both high and low notes require great freedom of resonance and 'wordy' singing should be confined to the middle tones of a voice.

English is an excellent language for song, but not if it is sung in the cramped and mumbled way in which it is usually spoken. Any language that is pronounced with freedom of the throat cannot be an enemy to vocality.

Fine words will not make an unvocal passage vocal, nor will stupid words turn a fine musical phrase into a cramped, angular one. The

desirability of singing sense, rather than nonsense, is another matter and is really outside the scope of this discussion.

Words, except in a phonological sense, do not affect vocality. The origin of vocality is not speech, but the emotional cry of primitive man that preceded the invention of speech. We learn from science that whereas sounds of varying pitch can be initiated in both halves of the brain, language can only be initiated in one-half of it. That is why the bold, rhythmic sweep of a vocal phrase is so satisfying; it has its roots in something older than speech. It is the outpouring of instinctive expression. That is why music, although allied to words, sometimes transcends them.

(5) A song that is vocal for any definite type of voice is not made unvocal because it cannot be sung by any singer lacking the essential qualifications for that particular task. One might as well describe Chopin's pianoforte music as 'unpianistic' because it cannot be played by anyone lacking the necessary number of fingers or the requisite skill.

(6) Handel's music usually displays the voice to greater physical advantage than that of Bach, but it is not actually more vocal.

Schubert is more obviously vocal than Wolf because the effect of his songs usually depends on the melodic (i.e., the vocal) line. Wolf relies more upon the singer's sense of word values. This does not mean that Wolf is necessarily unvocal, but it does imply that the interpretation of his songs is not so dependent upon the singer's vocality.

The vocality of past ages compared with that of to-day is due to the shifting of the interest from the singer to the accompaniment. That some change of past values in this matter was necessary in order to enable song to embrace a wider psychological field may be granted, but there are signs of a healthy reaction against what may be termed 'instrumental tyranny.'

The renewed interest in Handel is one of the many signs of this reaction. It is high time for modern composers to study the possibilities of the various vocal types and to realise that when art does not co-operate with nature the result is sterility.

DAWSON FREER.

THE word 'tessitura' should, in my opinion, be used in its literal sense to mean the texture of the whole fabric of musical composition—as in the case of any material to be considered in its application to particular purposes. The composer would then find it necessary to study the virtues of the instrument for which he writes and *tessitura* would be the test of his craftsmanship whether it was the violin, the pianoforte or the voice that claimed his attention.

The common use of the word, in a sense restricted to the adaptation of music to the voice, has removed the subject from general musical education and left it with those only who study singing.

I have been struck by the way in which even well-known composers disclaim any knowledge of the voice. So much so that years ago I made Song Diagrams by which vocal composition could be measured and compared with the working capacity of the various types of voice. In the paragraph on 'tessitura' in *Grove's Dictionary* there is a reference to the article on 'Singing' in Vol. IV in which the diagrams are briefly explained. Some composers seemed to resent the examination of their works and thought that so long as the notes were not above or below the vocal compass all was well. When the diagram showed that the bulk of the work was in the upper part of the voice the composer may have remained unconcerned, but it explained to the singer the fatigue he had to encounter.

The diagrams only deal with the pitch and duration of the notes—points especially important to every type of voice. Other factors in *tessitura* such as those mentioned in (1) *a* and *b* cannot be included.

It is clearly shown in the enlightened articles on this subject by singers in the last number of MUSIC AND LETTERS that it is always their sincere endeavour to overcome all difficulties by technical study. It is only when the music is impossible that they would give it up as unvocal. Of difficulty there is every degree, and every singer must come across passages that give trouble and require careful treatment and often prolonged technical practice. In many cases a little care on the part of the composer might have avoided them entirely. If a musician insists upon awkward figures, arpeggios, intricate runs and trills, repeated (and possibly staccato) notes, etc., etc., which are certainly part of the *tessitura*, his musical objects should outweigh the labour they involve.

I think it logical to exclude from *tessitura* everything to do with words. The influence of words upon music should arise out of their poetic meaning rather than their form. The musician is moved to song by his desire to present emotional and descriptive thought in

musical garments. The meaning of the words belongs to the art of speech and has an independent existence. It is often a debatable question whether it gains or loses by its association with music. Speech has its own laws which music is bound to obey in order to preserve the sense of words.

Singing includes the whole art of declamation besides the music of song, and all difficulties in pronunciation are overcome by the study of the acquired faculty of speech. Song is essentially the art of the vocal note and the use of breath sounds in speech requires its momentary suspension. But that is the poet's affair and not the composer's. The singer must satisfy both—and the phrase 'Ich'schwor' for its full significance must have the two notes on *i* and *vor*, with the three aspirated consonants *ch-s-sh* between them. The composer should be careful to strengthen and not weaken the phrase with his notes. His knowledge of the voice should guide him at all times.

As the most important and definite factor in a voice is the compass allotted to it by the size of the vocal cords, I am convinced that the use of the song diagram would explain to the composer the nature of his own work and the type of voice to which it is suited. When that definite relation is established there should be no difficulty left that technical study will not overcome.

There are several points to remember in concerted music. Part writing occupies the upper part of the treble and the lower part of the bass, and the middle voices are often huddled together, the tenor being forced up and the alto down. Such are the exigencies of harmonising when parts are not allowed to overlap. Combined effect and moving together come before the individual performance, but that only requires experience.

Folk songs are difficult to sing when the tunes have been constructed originally as dance tunes for some other instrument—e.g., bag or other pipes.

Words of more recent date often make them dull to sing but not difficult. Accompaniment should not make any difference to vocality, but it always makes a song musically more gratifying. The attractiveness of modern accompaniments often entices the voice to do things that are beyond it. I regard Hugo Wolf as an offender in that respect, for I know a singer whose voice has been ruined in consequence. Wolf's songs are undoubtedly erratic. They are over full of accidentals which often puzzle rather than please and he uses the top of the voice cruelly. These are inclined to fatigue both mind and body, and it may be asked whether they are worth while.

Anyhow it is a dangerous practice to sing through volumes of songs

many of which may be designed for voices higher and stronger than your own, and young singers should be warned against it.

My advice is—know your own voice and its limitations. Measure the *tessitura* of your songs. Adopt only those in which the middle of the work comes reasonably near to the middle of your vocal compass. Realise the independence of your words in your mouth and remember that good articulation lets the notes and the breath out through them.

As a fact musicians can do a great deal of harm to the voice by dwelling on its extremes. They sometimes forget that they are concerned with a living thing which develops according to its use, and can be ruined by excessive strain. Dealing with artificial instruments they meet with definite limitations to which they are obliged to yield; but the singer generally tries to overcome a difficulty to his own serious cost. Those who are responsible for our Colleges and Academies might make these simple matters more generally understood.

I am sorry to notice that one of your musical correspondents in this discussion talks wildly about 'frontal sinuses.' I had thought that this fallacy was long since dead and buried, everywhere except in America where nasal voices are the rule rather than the exception. When we know that the frontal sinuses are small hollows in the frontal bone, of the capacity of about a teaspoonful, communicating with the top of the nasal cavity by a minute opening—the infundibulum—we cannot regard them as being of much importance to the voice. They could not yield any resonance which is not shared and indeed overwhelmed, by that of the whole nose, of which they are like small attics up the chimneys of the top storey. Moreover, they develop principally in adult males, being smaller in female skulls, whereas in young girls, presumably like many of those with high soprano voices, they hardly exist at all.

Every composer should know that vocal sound is supported on the breath and varied in pitch by degrees of tension under the instinctive guidance of mental hearing. The instrument is thus designed for sustained sound and moves naturally in horizontal phrases in speech as well as in song. In speech the vocal note is always moving along a sinuous line, but in song the musician fixes it in notes of definite pitch and duration and prolongs them at will. The faculty of speech remains intact while its natural means of making itself audible is converted to the uses of music. The musician's task is to make music with a *tessitura* suitable to the natural development of the vocal instrument, and add to the beauties of human expression.

W. A. Aikin.

Yet there is probably a fair amount of instrumental music that is literally unplayable as written (did not even Wagner set down some). It is not without significance that we hear far more about unvocal songs than about unpianistic piano music or unstringlike violin music. wood-wind shakes that were impossible?), whereas it would be difficult to find any vocal work, or perhaps even an isolated passage, that is literally unsingable. Some of Schönberg's later songs appear to come under the head of impossible, yet we are assured that they have been sung—with effort, no doubt, but still sung.

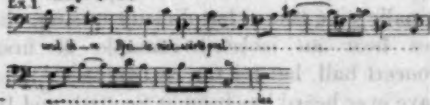
On the whole, then, we may rule out the adjective unvocal (which, as Dr. Baird points out, means literally unsingable) and substitute 'ungrateful' or 'difficult.' But even these two words, especially the former, are inconveniently elastic. Many singers describe as ungrateful any music that gives them little opportunity for display. Mr. Steuart Wilson puts it more kindly (as becomes a singer) by describing it as music that does not 'come off.'

(1) In this, as in some other departments of music, the easy of one generation is the difficult of another. Probably the most vocal music ever written—taking vocal to mean that best calculated to display voice and skill—was that of the palmy days of Italian opera. But how many present-day singers can tackle its floridities? This fact seems to dispose of the first group of purely technical points. On the other hand, the old singers who released displays of fireworks would be stumped by 'abrupt, or not readily intelligible, harmonic changes' that would be tackled with ease by any modern singer who happens also to be a musician. (What a world of reproach is in that necessary qualification!)

Agile singers of the old school would also make heavy weather of complexities of texture and 'predominance of interest other than vocal.'

In regard to this last point the Bach revival provides interesting evidence. We need not be old to remember the time when Bach was declared to be 'unvocal,' and Handel regarded as the ideal writer for the voice. Place almost any representative aria of each composer side by side, and the reason is obvious. In one the singer is merely a unit in a group of chamber music performers: in the other he is 'it,' and the instrumentalists are his very humble obedient servants. (The exceptions are so few that they merely emphasise the rule.) Handel had neither the time nor the inclination to write such airs as, e.g., 'Ich will den Kreuzstab gerne tragen' (from the cantata of the same name), which is practically a free fugue in which the singer arduously carries one of the 'voices.' Nor, vividly descriptive as Handel was on occasion, can we imagine him considering

the words so much and the singer so little as in this passage from 'Weicht all, ihr Uebelthäter,' from the cantata 'Ach Herr, mich armen Sünder,' where Bach's chief concern is to illustrate the rebounding of the enemies' darts:

Ex. 1 *Alligro (J = 120)*

On the other hand, we rarely find Bach doing what Handel did over and over again, and in the most natural manner—that is, giving the singer a bit of 'fat' such as the following (chosen almost at random) from the air 'When storms were proud,' from 'Athalia':

Ex. 2



—a passage that is as food and drink to a bass. (It also happens to suit the words, which is not always the case with Handel's 'fat.') In Bach there is almost always a 'predominance of interest other than vocal,' and that we have now so many excellent Bach singers is due to the improved standard of musicianship in the vocal world.

As to awkward *tessitura*: singers have a real grievance here, even when allowance is made for the fact that the degree of awkwardness varies with the singer. Composers often fail in this detail as a result of haziness concerning the type of voice for which they are writing, and the fault is not solely (we might even say not usually) that of the lesser men. Many of the songs of Brahms and Tchaikovsky, for example, suffer from the practical defect that they seem to call at one moment for a high voice and at another for a low one. Sometimes it is a matter of *tessitura*, sometimes of actual range. The average singer may reasonably complain of this form of ungrateful writing.

'Length of phrase' is a matter of gumption and breath control, and ought to beat no singer worthy the name; and if we hear 'phrases without arch' we may be sure that somewhere handy is a singer who cannot phrase.

(2) Accompanied song is easier to sing than unaccompanied because the harmonic structure helps the singer in a variety of ways—in rhythm and intonation especially; unaccompanied song is hard because there is nothing to cover the nakedness of the singing. Only perfection in *sostenuto*, intonation and quality can stand the exposure.

But to the musician there is no such thing as unaccompanied song. So accustomed is he to think in terms of harmony that he supplies it mentally—and willy-nilly. This is one reason for the failure of the recent attempt to create a repertory of new unaccompanied song: we have lost the ability to think in terms of melody alone.

(3) Folksong is easy to vocalise (except wide-leaping examples that were originally pipe tunes) but difficult to sing, that is, interpret. We sometimes hear an isolated example of first-rate folksong singing in a concert hall, but for the real thing we must go elsewhere. The finest I have ever heard has been at Scottish and Irish competition festivals. Two samples especially stick: one at Glasgow, where I once heard (and saw, for seeing was much of the pleasure) a man hold and tickle a packed St. Andrew's Hall (nearly 3,000 people) with an inimitably pawky performance of 'My jo, Janet.' The other was at Ballymena, when from a fine group of men and women (several of whom, by the way, sang from Stanford's arrangements), one brother of a boy stood out as a hundred-per-center. The secret in both cases lay in several factors—a keen sense of humour, the utmost ease and naturalness, and the dialect. Both words and music were in the bones of the singers. When concert room singers just fail to hit the mark (as they mostly do) it is largely a matter of dialect. A single word that is to the real thing what stage Mummerset (the inventor of this term was a real genius) is to Somerset, goes near to wrecking an otherwise good bit of singing. For this reason many a singer who can make a delightful thing of (say) one of Brahms's arrangements of German folk songs, whether in English or in the original, fails with a British folk song of the racy type. A touch of sophistication that matters little in the Brahms is fatal to the British song. And in that word sophistication lies the clue to the prime difficulty of the folk song: the more highly trained and accomplished (and therefore sophisticated in the best sense of the term) the singer, the less the chance of his making a first-rate job of a folk song. How many Plunket Greenes have we in this field?

(4) Dr. Bairstow showed how registers need humouring in the matter of certain vowels. But no singer ought to be beaten by any other problem. The foolish old view that English is a bad singing language was based on its numerous consonants and its vowel shades. But most singers now see that these, once tackled, are their best friends. The consonants help the rhythm, attack and point; and the half-vowels add tints to the palette. Who wants a picture all in primary colours?

I fancy the above covers by implication the chief points in (5) and (6). So, to sum up, the singer who knows his job from A to Z, especially the parts of it that depend on brains, imagination and

musicianship, will rarely be heard complaining about unvocality, partly because he will sing only things worth singing: any little awkwardness in these will always be balanced for him and his hearers by musical interest.

An issue that suggests itself as being germane to the discussion, though it is not in the terms of reference, is this: To what degree is difficulty (even ungratefulness) a stimulating factor in performance? Every performer worth his salt knows the feeling of elation that results from the fair and square overcoming of difficulties, and this feeling must inevitably add vitality and conviction to his interpretation. Now, it is incontestable that as a body instrumentalists have always courageously met the demands of composers, who have never shown much consideration in return. Their attitude towards players has generally been that of Beethoven, who, when Schuppanzigh pointed out that a certain passage in one of the quartets did not lie well for the fingers, retorted, 'It must lie.' And it did lie, and has had to lie since. Now (not to rub it in unkindly) it is an interesting question as to how far the admitted lack of musicianship on the part of singers in the past was due to their having always had too big a say in vocal composition. We know that composers have generally allowed them to tinker with their parts, tacking on a grace here and (no doubt) removing a snag there. Add to this the fact that composers had very solid reasons for writing effective vocal parts—an opera that failed in this respect was damned all round—and we see that singers have had to face few difficulties that could not be overcome by means of the agility that they acquired as a matter of course. For a long chapter in the history of music they thus missed the stimulus that developed the character and musicianship of instrumentalists. How much better for them if they had had to deal with Beethovens—composers who would write the thing they felt *had* to be written, and then the reply to the complaint, 'This doesn't lie well for my voice,' with an uncompromising, 'It *must* lie!'

HARVEY GRACE.

KEY QUALITY

Let the mind dwell for a little on this subject, and from ages of music near and far there rises a throng of assertions, fancies, dogmatisms, the creation of the learned and the ignorant, the artist and the theorist. The main problem may be stated in a homely example. A young lady pianist, shall we say, tells us that her favourite key is D flat. The fingers, to be sure, run easily over the board in this key; Chopin made his pupils play scales first in keys of many sharps and flats, in C last of all. Since the rise of the Romantic composers, some beautiful music, with a deal of rubbish, has been written for the pianoforte in D flat. We suspect then, that the young lady likes the key, partly because her fingers like it and partly because the general musical qualities of the first piece in D flat which took her fancy have passed on their glamour to succeeding ones, until a cumulative charm abides in the key. We recall things like Sinding's 'Frühlingsrauschen,' and hastily dub D flat the drawing-room key, of faded, velvety elegance. Then, perhaps, we remember that Walhalla's towers rise for us in the same tonality. It is a grateful one for the brass; young Berlioz gathered as much from the trombone player to whom he submitted the solo he had written in his 'Frances Juges' overture without even knowing whether it could be played. But let us think away technical ease and difficulty, let us think away melody, harmony and rhythm; tone colour and volume likewise; hardest of all, tradition and association as well. Does there remain an essential D flattishness? May we, whether we recognise the key or not, catch this specific quality as the last bars of 'Rheingold' thunder and blaze at us, just as the young lady may catch it, and prefer it to other such qualities, as she plays Chopin's 'Berceuse'? If so, what can it be?

The recorded opinions of composers help us little; on the whole they add to our bewilderment. Some great men with fancies appear to have followed them, others to have ignored them completely. We have it on the sure word of D'Indy that F sharp major 'suggested the light of Heaven' to César Franck. And the last section of the sixth Beatitude, in this key, cannot often have been surpassed in pure angelic benignancy. In Franck's music, more often than not, the habitual struggle through darkness to light is a pilgrim's progress into the land of sharps. His fancy about the key, then, may be more than a fancy; if not a law it may at least be a habit of his creative

mind; further, it has roots in a fact of acoustics to which in due time we shall refer. On the other hand, Beethoven called A flat 'barbaresco.' This of the key which in works of his too familiar to specify waits with its 'calm and deep peace' to quell the fateful gloom of C minor! Can the most erudite dig out anything of the master's in A flat which could with any propriety be called 'barbaresco'?

In this journal the divergence of views on the nature and even the existence of key quality has lately been illustrated. Dr. Tovey, in the Schubert number, lays it down that 'keys in themselves are major or minor, and their other differences vary according to the techniques of instruments and not at all on voices except in pitch. . . . Notions about the character of keys in themselves are entirely subjective, and no agreement about them is to be expected.' The dictum, at first sight, offers scant encouragement to the man who feels in his bones that quintessential D flat—could he only get at it—is somehow different in quality from F sharp and different in a distinctive way. To the alleged victim of subjectivity who wonders about such things, the words quoted sound like those of another doctor: 'Sir, you *may* wonder!' Yet in July, M. Sabaneev, in an article based on careful experiment, shows that for many people certain keys call up certain colours, and that they do this with a very fair degree of uniformity. Reasonably enough, he states this result as a psychological fact, about which a good measure of agreement may actually be expected. 'How shall we find the concord of this discord?'

One would have to know all about a subject before the discords of opinion, which result from the searchers' different ways of approach to it, could be finally resolved. The quite humble purpose of this article is to state, first, a basic minimum of fact about key quality and then to give an outline of its tradition in classical music. This last phrase, it will be suspected, means an outline of the qualities imposed on keys by the classical writers, and imposed, forsooth, because we think so. Yet music is an art, much of whose eloquence lives in tradition and association; and the dangers of the subjective will have to be risked, for impressions of quality must be one's own or they are nothing. For comparison, as we go on, we shall quote the views of certain composer-theorists who have committed themselves; we shall not forget, either, M. Sabaneev and his statistics of colour impression, even though our own sense of 'synopsy' is not vivid. The music called up will be such as lives most strongly in our own mind, and, we suppose, in the minds of normal musicians.

The major triad is 'in nature,' being heard in the first six notes of the harmonic series: the minor triad is artificial. This fact has helped to give to major keys their traditional character of brightness

and sonority, as against the darkness and plaintiveness of minor keys. Further, after the tonic, the dominant is the brightest note of a key. Gradually, in the seventeenth century, as the modern system of tonality established itself, and the modes, in their true character, were heard only as fragmentary survivals, C major took its place as the centre of a system of keys, through which modulation made further and further journeys. Its path was smoothed, in the next century, by equal temperament. Modulation by the dominant, the 'sharp' route of music, became an active principle in the art, sanctioned by the normal course of binary form and sonata form in major tonality. Inevitably, associations of brightness came to cling round the sharp keys; of relative darkness round the flat keys. The basis of acoustic facts was overlaid with psychological ones, with such associations as the prevalence of sharp keys in eighteenth century string music, and the use of the D trumpet. Lastly, then as now, music in any key tended to impose its general characteristics on that key, for hearers of an associative habit of mind.

The eighteenth century work still best known to English music lovers is in key quality at once redolent of its age and prophetic of later traditions. Let us try for a moment to think of 'The Messiah' as a series of key centres.⁽¹⁾ D major goes home with us after a performance, resounding and shining in our minds. Could we hear the work as Handel wrote it—yes, and even at full length—his trumpets, built in D major, would stamp clearly as ever on the key that quality of clarion exultation which in the highest lights of Bach's great Mass overwhelms us with its blaze. We still go on learning that the 'careless' Handel knew what he was doing. For not only is D major the key for a few terraced trumpet choruses and the obbligate air; it is avoided everywhere else, except in 'O thou that tellest,' which duly displays it in that other character, quickly acquired—that of the string key par excellence, dignified yet brilliant. But how different its light from the unearthly radiance of E major in 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' We can follow Handel a little way in his creation of this miracle. He chooses a main key acoustically the brightest in the oratorio; he has kept it fresh by barely touching it since the opening numbers of the first part. Raising the music a whole tone after the 'Hallelujah'—a device of masterly simplicity—he makes even those thunders seem earthly in retrospect. In a melody never

(1) The fact that pitch in the days of Bach and Handel was nearly a tone lower than it is now might seem to upset, in its earlier reaches, any historical survey of the evolution of key quality. But eighteenth century music, like other music, lives after all in modern performance and in the inward ear of the modern mind. No one 'thinks down' the Hallelujah Chorus to C or thereabouts when listening to it in the concert room. Even to do so while hearing it mentally, with or without the score, one would have to be a prodigy of conscientiousness.

surpassed in his work for sweetness and august beauty of curve, strings and voice brood over bright mystery, the violins bathed in the very dew of the garden on the first Easter morning. Surely there are musicians, by no means narrow-minded, for whom E major has never quite lost the celestial light in which this air has apparelled it. Bach's greatest music in the key is probably the setting of 'O Mensch bewein' dein' Sünde gross' which concludes the first part of the 'Saint Matthew' Passion. Here, too—illusion or not—a strange radiance in the string ritornelli transfigures, for me, the manifold long-drawn poignancy of this chorale.

Bach, rather than Handel, imposes on G major its early tradition; a composite one, of nervous vigour and oceanic breadth as in the 'Brandenburg' concerto movements, of happiest delicacy as in the fifth French suite, of utmost tenderness and sweetness in the cradle song from the 'Christmas' oratorio. The key of A major early gains its character of happy radiance less naïf than G, less celestial than E, in things as diverse as the consolatory air 'But Thou didst not leave his soul in hell,' the exultantly figured 'Laudamus te' from Bach's Mass, or that most ideally happy of his organ fugues which recitalists so rarely deign to play. The flat major keys, in this age, have characteristics less easy to define. F, to name but one of them, has won the name of the pastoral key; the divinest of pastorals, 'He shall feed his flock,' is in it; so are two idyllic airs in 'Acis and Galatea.' But Handel could also breathe into it the heroic fervour of the 'starry throne' chorus in 'Samson,' and Bach stamped it with the torrential energy of the mightiest of toccatas and of organ pieces.

D minor, possessing a sharp tonic major and a flat relative major, is curiously blent of sharp glow, the relative darkness of a flat key, and its own minor darkness as well. It is this, to my ear, more pronouncedly than is G minor. Classical tradition, beginning with such things as the music of the 'refiner's fire,' Bach's best known toccata and a piano concerto, has put upon D minor a character of storminess which persists into later ages. There is more than a touch of it in the chaconne. G minor, often prone to pathos, is overlaid for me by the high, hard, declamatory vigour of the organ fantasia and the strong, bewigged playfulness of its fugue. Bach and Handel both set C minor on its way to achieve that tragic character to which generally we submit, but at which, after too much Beethoven, we want to rebel. Bach, at any rate, in the last chorus of the 'Saint Matthew' Passion, drew from the key the loftiest tragedy that has been drawn. Here, if ever in music, is the perfect Aristotelian 'katharsis'; the sublime directness of this chorus purifies grief not only of its bitterness but almost of its pain. But just as germane to the key in its future character are certain fugues of Bach, merely

bleak and gloomy, a huge, toiling thing like the first chorus in Handel's 'Israel,' and the bluff brutality of 'He trusted in God.' E minor, sounding in the first burdened chords of 'The Messiah,' recurs, by a wonderful instinct, in 'Behold and see,' the very heart of its woe. Bach uses this tonality for the great, many-voiced opening of his 'Saint Matthew' Passion, for its tremendous denunciatory chorus, and for the 'Crucifixus' of the Mass. In much of this music a latent radiance, the property of a sharp minor key, seems to bathe the tragedy.

Rameau, one of the master theorists of music, and ranking high among the composers of his day, was a contemporary, within a year or two, of Bach and Handel. As became a Cartesian, he adored method; and he assigned qualities to the simpler keys. M. Romain Rolland crushes him with Beethoven; for Rameau said that F was 'suited to tempests and anger'—F, the key of the first movement of the Pastoral Symphony! This is unfair; it is better to find out where Rameau was right, according to the lights of his day. D and A major, he tells us, suit lively and joyful airs; also, they may suit what is great and magnificent. This is broadly correct, in eighteenth century tradition, as we have seen. On minor keys Rameau is less adequate; the minor suits tenderness, sadness and mournful songs; apparently he can credit it with no vehemence of emotion. Let us admit, then, that in such views there is narrowness and dogmatism. There is, also, the more serious fallacy that quality conditions key; that in a certain key certain ideas can find expression. The reverse notion, bluntly stated, would often be false too; yet it is surely the fact that in a composer's mind idea and key are commonly born together, and that the associations of any key, set working in his mind, may go far to condition the quality of his music. How, otherwise, could one explain Beethoven's obsession with C minor?

Already we have a rough idea of the qualities stamped on some of the simpler keys by the two eldest of the great composers whose work is widest spread in the commonalty of music lovers. Although both could do wonders in modulation when they chose, keys retain in them a constancy and clarity of feature steadily lost since their day. Not, of course, that a limit could easily be set to the number of subsidiary keys which a modern composer, who knows his job, may set round his main one without overwhelming it or putting it out of focus. Yet polytonality or atonality on the one hand, and neo-modalism on the other, must set the bounds of our next enquiry, a summary one of necessity, taking account only of capital names.

C major, the centre of the major key system, lives at the starting point of two exciting vistas. One thinks of it, too often, as faded with its own simplicity, bedraggled with a weight of exercises and

elementary classics. Bach, in an organ toccata, gave it a big geniality; Handel made it tremendous in his 'Hailstone' chorus and 'The horse and his rider.' In the grandly conceived key system of the opening of 'The Creation' the C major crash on the word 'light' is sublime. Beethoven enshrined the key in white radiance at the end of his last piano sonata. Often it tempts to greatness; Schubert in his last symphony and quintet attained a bigger stature than elsewhere. We are accustomed to think the key simple, and so get the illusion that in its complexities are easy, both for composers and performers. This, for example, is readily fancied while we hear such masterpieces of complexity as the finale of the 'Jupiter' symphony or the 'Meistersinger' overture. A contrary impression arises from the focal place of C in the system of tonality. Distant key centres, such as E major and E flat major in the last named work, stand out with peculiar vividness against the white light of C. In 'La cathédrale engloutie' Debussy turned this impression to imaginative use. With a surge of shifting tonalities before and after them, the organ-like chords in the middle of the piece roll out in the open key.

It would seem that no successor has handled G major with either the strength or the lightness of Bach. Sunny movements of Mozart, the speaking chords of Beethoven's Fourth Concerto and its texture so delicately wrought, the still more rarefied beauty of his last violin sonata—these occur to the mind. G becomes, in tradition, a key of more beauty than strength; two popular attempts at this latter quality (the introduction to the third act of 'Lohengrin' and the march in Tchaikowsky's 'Pathétique') are blatant rather than strong. And a phenomenon, curious on the face of it, arises in Romantic days. G and D major, once common as piano keys, show signs of forsaking the instrument. Chopin and Brahms hardly use them in writing for it; the orientation towards flats has set in. D lost, after Bach and Handel, its character of the golden trumpet key. Instead, violins fastened on it as by divine right. In many a classical symphony, and in the concertos of Beethoven and Brahms, D shows them, as Grove put it, 'exulting in their strength and beauty.' 'Grand, majestic, always in D major,' said Beethoven of Goethe; and whatever that may be as literary criticism it helps us to his notion of the key. For strings, Berlioz thought D 'gay, noisy and rather commonplace.' Probably he had his bugbear virtuosity in mind; possibly, too, that other bugbear polyphonic choralism. For vulgarity we need go no further than the quick section of the overture to 'Rienzi.' Nowhere in modern music does D major come into a key system with more nobility, or with a finer tradition behind it, than in Elgar's 'Gerontius,' near its end. After the terrors of the judgment, the cry of the stricken soul, the purgatorial murmurs poised on

tremulous pedals, the key establishes itself; in a melody of the lineage of Bach, perfectly sculptured, perfect music for violins, shedding to the end of the oratorio the light of its consolation.

A major is in general tradition a happy heart-easing key, rather sharp and sugary if heard in quantity. It is luscious in some parts of Brahms's second Violin Sonata. Although Beethoven's Seventh Symphony gives the key majesty and tremendous life and brilliance, it is, in most of its associations, not a key for the bluff kind of humour. It can, at one extreme, be ethereal, as in the prelude to 'Lohengrin.' Berlioz shaded down its lambent light with great delicacy in the 'Scène d'amour' from 'Romeo and Juliet'; he let it blaze out fiercely in 'Carnaval Romain.' Franck, in the finale of his Violin Sonata, sings as from the heart of the naïf bright happiness of this key, glances at shadows—of course in flat minors—and hastens back to A to set his final joy-bells ringing. The celestial light of E was cheapened in Romantic days. In it we hear, besides the works already mentioned, the 'Saints in glory' fugue and the kingly grace of 'Qui sdegno'; yet often in Mendelssohn, and occasionally in Chopin and Brahms, E became effeminate and cloying. Beethoven, using it for his most romantic sonata, made it shine with a high-wrought radiance, pensive and unique. It seems the only key for Weber's moonlit 'Softly sighs,' and for that allied creation of boyish reverie and frolic, the overture to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' In the 'Siegfried Idyll,' and in the second act of the opera, the same key irradiates a boy's slumber, and his dreams, and the stirring and calling of nature around him.

B major, rarely used as a main key during the classical hey-day, calls up in later times things as diverse as the mystic larghetto of Franck's Quartet and 'Hail, bright abode.' And for us, alike from the mysticism and the blatancy, light streams. Is it a fact that in Wagner the key centres which live most strongly in our minds veer gradually with the sequence of his works, from the many blatant sharps of his earlier period through the rainbow hues of 'Tristan' and the sturdy C majorism of 'Meistersinger' to a balance in 'The Ring' finally inclining to the other side, till the end comes with the mellow hieratic A flats of 'Parsifal'? However that may be, it was Wagner who in 'Charfreitagszauber'—a much earlier conception than the bulk of 'Parsifal'—drew from B major the utmost sweetness and radiance. In F sharp major, the limit of our quest through the shining sharps, Franck as we know was in Heaven, and at the end of his 'Variations Symphoniques' in a region where life and beauty meet as nowhere else in his works. Beethoven, in a terse little sonata he specially loved, preened his wings for his loftiest flights, in an air of rarefied radiance, tender and playful.

Making now the enharmonic change which Chopin made at this point in his preludes, we have to admit an illusion. The piano cannot show the distinction that strings can between F sharp and G flat; yet we look at the latter key mentally down the flat vista from C major, and piano music—pure illusion—suffers a change. We cannot help thinking that Chopin's two studies in G flat sound less bright, more artificially pianistic, than they would in the other key; and that Debussy's girl with the flaxen hair is more demure than she would be in F sharp. Still looking, then, down the flat vista, we see D flat in the double guise at which we hinted at the beginning of this article. Schumann thought it dark, Berlioz majestic; the former adjective outlines, roughly, its pianistic, the latter its orchestral tradition. Too often a merely ladyish key, it has a mellow, polished demureness, delicately capricious, in Debussy's 'Reflets dans l'eau.' A cognate melody overarches the middle part of 'L'après-midi d'un faune,' gathering up its warmth and languor. Chopin made D flat ethereal in his 'Berceuse,' where the fairy changelings of which Arthur Symonds wrote are rocked to rest. In the Walhalla motif of 'Rheingold,' suffusing us with soft brazen glow, the key lives its most wonderful moments in the orchestra. Mellowness, and a remoteness due, no doubt, to that long vista from C, sum up one's main impressions of D flat.

A flat seems traditionally apt either for piano or wind instruments. Perhaps no other key has more consistent associations of smoothness. It is the consolatory key in Beethoven, speaking of peace and steadfastness, and of hope that fate cannot crush. In Chopin, who was fond of the key, the study from the second book is in the main tradition of smoothness, the melodic notes falling regularly, like pearls, on the harping bass. Long ceremonial stretches of 'Parsifal' stamp A flat with a secondary character of religious solemnity, which is clearly felt again in Elgar's 'Apostles.' E flat, in the best tradition, has a peculiar mellowness and buoyancy, shining from 'Zauberflöte' and other choice things of Mozart. Beethoven wrote much in it; it may almost be said to typify the mellow, chivalrous side of him. Here he is no gaunt Prometheus, shaking his fist at Fate. There are places, in two quartets, where he is more like the god of the golden lyre. Royally as the 'Eroica' transcends other associations of this key, two other large works in E flat group under its shadow—'Heldenleben,' in which we see some of its features hugely distorted, and Elgar's Second Symphony, personal as the 'Eroica' is personal, and like it, buoyant and chivalrous. A sense-impression of golden brass, too—especially of horns—floats down in E flat from the 'Eroica' and its descendants, reinforced, no doubt, by the great stretch of the key at the opening of 'Rheingold.'

In 'Acis and Galatea,' sweet gay music in B flat stands side by side with the stern 'Wretched lovers,' pointing to a dual tradition which passes down the ages. B flat would seem to be either gayer or harder than E flat; in either case less mellow. Classics of stony, rocky sternness daunt the memory—the 'Hammerclavier' sonata, and the 'Credo' of Beethoven's Mass, and Brahms's second Piano Concerto. More approachable are the latter composer's 'Handel' Variations, with their glorious fugal close, and a quartet in which Brahms relents a little further. On the other hand we have in B flat Beethoven's most gracious symphony and the wafted magic of that first theme in Schubert's last sonata. F major also has a dual tradition, roughly defined by the two symphonies of Beethoven in this tonality. The 'Pastoral' has, of course, numerous descendants; one like Dvorak's overture 'In der Natur' gives the general feeling of joy and peace and well-being which we have come to associate with the key. Its heart, for me, seems to beat from the opening of the slow movement of Brahms's Violin Concerto; for here, although some regular features of pastoralism are missing, the wood-wind instruments, as Samuel Langford once wrote, chorus to us like birds in a brake. In its other, more vigorous tradition, F remains good-humoured, even through the noble span of the first 'Rasumovsky' quartet, while in the bluffest bouts of the Eighth Symphony it is hard to detect the note of anger that Grove thought he heard. Nowhere do the highest spirits of F come out better than in 'Tyll Eulenspiegel'; here, too, while big-hearted drollery throws its cap over the mills, the idyllic prologue and epilogue exorcise any grimness with their spell of 'once upon a time.'

The notion about the darkness and melancholy of minor keys has, as we have seen, an acoustic basis; for such keys circle round the dull, artificial minor triad, not found in any easily audible notes of the harmonic series. Go through the minors by the sharp route; the fifths, though brightening progressively by the law of association, are always prone to be darkened by the thirds. Overlaying such facts is a throng of notions about balladry, the legendary, 'unhappy far-off things.' The plain man has an idea that anything in the minor sounds old as well as sad. And the instructed will admit that the flavour of the antique is apt to be strong in those minor keys descending from modes with minor triads in them—the Dorian, the Phrygian and the Aeolian.

Chorale, as well as folk song, naturally colours A minor for many people—that Passion chorale, for example, which Brahms set twice and Bach many times in this key and in others, although the melody is really Phrygian. Legend, now dark, now plangent, sounds for me in the first movement of Schumann's Piano Concerto. Few passages

in modern music bring out better the woeful heart of the key than one of Tchaikowsky's authentic inspirations, the theme of Francesca, breathed, after noise and turmoil, by a lonely clarinet. In two unique slow movements, Beethoven drove home many qualities of A minor with the additional resource of persistent rhythm—in the *allegretto* of the Seventh Symphony, and in the *andante* of the C major Quartet. Less uncanny, this latter movement, in which the melody, over the pizzicato bass, dreamily sways the melancholy of the key into our minds. One quality that would seem lacking to A minor, even in that tremendous study of Chopin, is natural bite and sting. A harshness, natural or not, colours some big works in E minor, the 'Wedge' fugue of Bach for instance, and much of Brahms's Fourth Symphony, with its towering hard-headed energy. Two popular symphonies, Tchaikowsky's Fifth and Dvorak's 'New World,' leave, with their redeeming traits, an oppressive blare in the mind. At its most delicate, this key is as a grey sky just suffused with a watery sun, as in Debussy's 'Jardins sous la pluie.' In 'Scheherazade,' exoticism charms away harshness and adds suppleness and glamour.

B minor has traditions of great dignity and pathos, as in the *kyrie* of Bach's Mass; also a fairly constant flavour of athletic tautness, as of good string writing. This is readily perceived in the prelude of Bach in this key, one of his latest organ works, full of beautiful string idiom. Franck in modern times gathered up in his Prelude, Choral and Fugue much of the best that has been uttered in B minor, so far as depth and dignity of feeling go, and masterly ingenuity of treatment. But the key has many aspects and lives with a strange wild life. Berlioz gives the rein to his adjectives in characterising it for strings; it is 'very sonorous, wild, rough, ominous, violent.' Three well-known works go some way towards bearing him out. The first movement of the 'Unfinished' symphony takes us into realms of ominous brooding and terror as well as of peace. Then there is Tchaikowsky's 'Pathétique' with its hysteria and its comatose depression. Thirdly, of course, the 'Ride of the Valkyries,' where those spitfires, the strings, with their splendid animal tautness, vie with the brass in fullness of life, above all at that point near the end where Richter's two arms used to go up and the fury of the thing burst all bounds.

By now, in our survey, minor quality in itself begins to yield more and more those associations of radiance which come as we journey through the sharps. The pathos of the slow movement of Beethoven's 'Hammerclavier' sonata (in F sharp minor) is a pathos inlaid and jewelled. In Franck's 'Symphonic Variations' a bright intellectual energy transcends any plangency in the material. Yet C sharp minor connotes more depth and passion; it brings to the ear the

strange key sequence of Beethoven's most subtle quartet, and passages in the 'Moonlight' sonata which seem to anticipate its intrusion of D major into the neighbourhood of C sharp minor. The 'Moonlight' itself, with its melancholy and its fire, and Chopin's heroic scherzo, stamp the key as one of the most romantic.

Once again, as we change our perspective and look down the vista of flats, we see not radiance but darkness, and this time an added shade of it. B flat minor inevitably calls up Chopin's 'Funeral March' and the grisly opening of the second section of Brahms's 'German Requiem.' Against such things, the vehemence of a scherzo and the swift venom of a prelude of Chopin show up rather as desperation. And then there is an intermezzo of Brahms, a heavily flitting thing, in which melancholy turns to tragedy. F minor is less sombre, though inclined to frowns and dourness. The 'Appassionata' naturally reigns over this key in the minds of most musicians, but the Beethoven who in that work seems to have drawn out of his own soul some of nature's own storms and terrors has to reckon, too, with the terser, more sinewy Beethoven of the late F minor Quartet. Brahms, in his Piano Quintet, imposed on this key a harder, more intellectual sternness.

The land of C minor is hid in gloom, a gloom which seems less tempestuous than that of F minor, but more leaden, more menacing. Mozart himself can be stern and near to tragedy in this tonality. Beethoven wrote three piano sonatas in it, among them the 'Pathétique' and the last one of all, with its great craggy opening movement; a violin sonata, and other works not hard to remember, all partaking in some degree of the nature of the Fifth Symphony, where the Promethean Beethoven of whom we have heard so much fights with his fate and conquers it. Brahms, too, in his First Symphony, presumes on this land of C minor where Beethoven with gaunt gestures defies the clouds and the thunder, but his music has not the fierce incandescence of Beethoven's and moves in heavier boots. Strauss also (an astute traditionalist) rallies to the field in 'Tod und Verklärung.' Not far away is Wagner with his 'Death March' from 'Götterdämmerung,' which has roots in a secondary C minor tradition beginning in the 'Funeral March' of the 'Eroica.' Of all this woe and all this heroism, bound up with C minor and not unmixed with attitudinising, one can have enough. The key has a character of extraordinary consistency in the best-known music one can call to mind. Even the fugue in the first book of the Forty-Eight is gay only in rhythm. Brahms's students, in the 'Academic' overture, tramp along dourly, with their heavy boots, in C minor; their gaiety and joy spring up in other keys. It may indeed be said that C minor has influenced the serious musical conscience of our own composers

overmuch. Verdi, an Italian, began and ended his 'Falstaff' in the genial and reasonable key of C major. A Falstaff in C minor could only have occurred to an Englishman.

G minor has, in comparison, little definite character as it comes down the ages. It calls up, as we have said, Bach's great Fantasia and Fugue; also a symphony and a quintet in which Mozart transcends his wonted range of emotion. D minor, on the other hand, has been, in its main tradition, a key of storm, though brighter, more shot with lightnings than other flat minor keys. Bach, some think, possessed in the popular D minor Toccata the storm which the touring organist carries in his pocket. Mozart wrote the 'Dies Irae' of his Requiem in this key, also the terrific end of 'Don Giovanni.' The two first movements of the 'Choral' symphony have a towering strength in some respects elemental. The overture to the 'Flying Dutchman,' and the wonderfully restrained storm in 'Valkyrie' are both in this key. Altogether, it shows a remarkably consistent tradition.

One who has but a faint sense of 'synopsy' and has approached the question of key quality from an angle widely different from M. Sabaneev's may now, perhaps, be excused if he compares a few of his tentative results with M. Sabaneev's colour findings. That C major should generally be found white, and D major yellow, would seem natural enough, even though these attributes should only be taken metaphorically. On the other hand, in no sense can I see E or B to be bluish, or G greyish or brownish, or F red, even in Chabrier's 'España.' That flat minor keys, again, should be thought gloomy, leaden, foggy and so forth seems legitimate enough; but I do not see G flat major as dark; it seems merely dull or demure. Lastly, A and E major seem to me brighter, not darker, than C and D major.

What have we found, after our scurry through the keys? That some of the best music written in them leaves, in one mind at least, certain impressions of quality which we have tried to make as definite as is possible in words. On other minds the impressions may be widely different. We have also found that certain composers had something like key obsessions, or at least mental habits of association and creation revealed in their choice of tonality. We have shown, of course, that certain keys have qualities and traditions more definite than those of others, and how these things, in course of time, may change or vanish. Some may doubt their existence altogether. But surely their influence is enormous. Let new composers come and knock the storm out of D minor; let them dispel C minor's gloom, or even make it no gloomier than a sharp minor key. Let them blot out of D major not only its old trumpet blaze but its august

brilliance as a key for strings. Let them take the shine out of E major and make that key as pale as A flat. A new race of musical demigods would be needed to efface such memories, and to build new ones, as good or better, in the minds of musicians. For, of course, it is in the mind that these impressions of quality are most intimately treasured. There is an army of music lovers who not only possess absolute pitch—nothing to boast about and sometimes a nuisance—but can hear mentally long passages in many parts, in their right keys and with a simulacrum of orchestral colouring if need be. Scientists will go on exploring, and one day may define for us quintessential D flat. But whether they do so or not, keys with their mysterious flavours, their colours, their traditions, will go on making their own music to the inward ear of the mind.

W. WRIGHT ROBERTS.

THE LUTE BOOKS OF BALLET AND DALLIS

AMONGST the numerous treasures preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, are two manuscript books of Elizabethan lute music, compiled by William Ballet and Thomas Dallis respectively. Little is known of either of these lutenists, save that Dallis taught music at Cambridge.

Ballet's book (illustrations I and II), which has been re-bound in calf, is undated; 1594 has been assigned as a probable date, but the volume was evidently compiled by several different persons and at varying periods. It is a quarto, measuring about 11 inches by 7½ inches, and contains fifty-eight leaves. The title page is inscribed 'William ballet, his book, witness william vance,' in an old embellished hand, under which is scribbled 'Jo. Jones, B. 92.' Then follows seventeen pages of music in a very old hand and very faded yellowish ink. After four blank pages, there is more music, eight staves to the page (commencing with a scale), in a different hand—evidently of a later date—much easier to decipher and written with a clearer and blacker ink. The system of notation is also different.

Several directions are given as to the method of tuning to be adopted for particular pieces. Amongst these are 'For the Violl way,' 'Lute way,' 'Leero way' (i.e., like the leero or lyra viol), and one piece is 'For the Leereora Violl.' Many are marked 'Alfonsoe way'; in one case 'The high way Alfonsoe' and in another 'In fiftes Alfonsoe.' In some cases elaborate instructions are given, e.g., 'The two hier strings violl way and the rest in 8vo to them. Thomas Paye,' 'For two violles higher strings as the violl, other in 8 to them,' 'For the back of the bow Alfonsoe way, only the treble set one note lower.' Alfonso Ferrabosco, the well-known lutenist, called 'the younger' to distinguish him from his father, lived in England.

Thomas Dallis' book (illustrations III and IV), a small oblong volume—measuring about five inches by seven inches, re-bound in old calf—is entitled on the back 'Musicke Lessons' and was apparently intended for the use of his pupils. It contains 388 pages, many being blank or scribbled over. The date and writer are mentioned on a page near the beginning: 'Incepti nonis Augusti præceptore Mro. Thoma Dallis. Cantabrigia, Anno 1588,' followed by some Latin directions for tuning. After some Latin instructions on the manner of holding the instrument, etc., and another diagram, there are 155 pages of music, four staves on each page, with many corrections and additions

of bars, and other whole lines struck out. Several songs are included, with words (sometimes in Latin or Italian) and accompaniment—'O passi sparsi,' 'The King of Hoseia,' 'Cur mundus militat,' etc. Also music for Psalms 15, 5, 42, 81, 103, 73 and 128. One of the songs with accompaniment is by 'Mr. Parsons.'

After some music for the pandore, there is a page with some verses, beginning 'Fortune is fickle and wonderful tickle,' surrounded by music on the four sides, evidently meant for several performers sitting at two adjoining sides of a small table on which the music lay

I



open—the music above and below the verses facing the same way and that on the right and left sides of it both facing so as to be read from the right side of the table. Under the music is written 'Bassus qui convenient et respondet superiores.'

This portion of the book ends at p. 264. The remainder consists of music in much more modern style of notation (not tablature) and in a different hand. The pieces are much longer than those in the earlier portion, often extending to five or six pages. It is in two seven-lined staves, a treble and a bass, apparently for the virginals, and

II



chords of three or four notes frequently occur. There are no corrections and it is more neatly written. The only scrap of writing in this latter part are the words 'Finis, sde. Mastyre Taylere,' after one of the tunes. This is probably the name of some performer of the day; one of the pieces in Ballet's book is named 'Mr. Tayler.' Apparently this latter portion was originally quite separate and was subsequently bound up with the earlier part.

These two books are interesting not only to musicians but also the students of Elizabethan literature, as they contain the music of the following tunes and songs popular at that period, which are mentioned by Shakespeare and his contemporaries (those marked 'B.' are in Ballet, and those marked 'D.' are in Dallis). (I) 'Light o' Love' (B.). In *Much Ado About Nothing* (iii, 4) Margaret urges Beatrice to change her 'sick tune' into 'Light o' Love, that goes without a burden.' It is also similarly mentioned by Julia, in *Two*

III

Concordia que in fidelibus Testudinis requiescit ratione tres.

PRIMA RATIO

Hac perfectissima est

SECUNDA RATIO

TERTIA RATIO

TEMPORIS RATIO ; Seminatus est semine. In fine semine.

Gentlemen of Verona (i, 2). The jailer's daughter in *Two Noble Kinsmen* mentions this tune (v, 2). (II) *Callino* (B.). In *Henry V* (iv, 4) Pistol, imitating the French soldier, exclaims 'Callen o custure me,' otherwise 'Callino Custurame,' the burden of a ballad given in *The Handfull of Pleasant Delites* (1584). This is an English attempt to reproduce the title of an old Irish song, 'Cailin og a stiur me' or 'Coleen oge ashore.' 'Callino' is also given in the *Cambridge Lute Book*, 1588, and in *Playford's Musical Companion*, 1679. (III) 'Peg-a-Ramsey' (B.). There were two tunes bearing this name, one a solemn tune, a dump, to which Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night* (ii, 3) compares Malvolio; the other mentioned by Nash in his *Shepherd's Holiday* along with Roundelays, Irish Hayes, Cogs and Rongs. (IV) 'Canst thou not hit it?' (B.). In *Love's Labour Lost* (iv, 1) Rosaline sings two lines of this and Boyet replies with two more. Will Cricket in *Wily Beguiled* (1606) mentions it as a dance.

IV

Fortune ys fickle, and Wonderful tickle:
 Hir powre ys mickle in eache degree.
 And with hir scepter She makes him better,
 And this man greater of gold, and fee.
 And with hir thunder of worldly wonder
 Shee brinde menne under aduertyse.
 Shee rocks hir cradle, which is vns table,
 And llyts in hir saddle of dignitie.
 Shee frownes, shee flatters, shee latters shee scatters
 Shee rules al matters as wynde. Wane in le
 Shee Laugher, shee lowres, shee shames, shee shoures,
 Now ys I trauelyst yours Cons stay, quene vngle.

(V) 'All a Greene Willow' (D.), which is also in *Playford's Companion*, is sung by Desdemona (*Othello*, iv, 3) and also by the jailer's mad daughter in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen* (iv, 1), where the latter also sings (VI) 'Bonny Sweet Robin' (B.), sung by Ophelia when distraught (*Hamlet*, iv, 5). (VII) 'Greensleeves' (B.). This tune is mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject* (iii, 2) and in many other places. Shakespeare refers to it twice in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Mrs. Ford contrasts it with the 100th Psalm (ii, 1) and Falstaff says 'Let it thunder to the tune of Greensleeves' (v, 5). The fat Knight (iii, 3) also refers to VIII, 'Fortune my Foe' (B. and D.), said by Stanihurst (1588) to be an Irish tune. It is frequently mentioned, e.g., *Henry V* (iii, 6), Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country* (i, 1), Randolph's *Hey for Honesty* (1651), Lilly's *Maids' Metamorphosis* (1600), Tatham's *The Rump* (c. 1651), Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable* (1602). This tune, to which Percy in his *Reliques* says the ballad of 'Titus Andronicus' Complaint' was sung, is said in Brewer's *Lingua* (1608) to be played by the Spheres; Venterwells sings it in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (v, 3). In the last-named play the Citizen wants the musicians to play (IX) 'Baloo' (B.)—a nursery word which forms the burden of Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament (Percy)—but his wife demands (X) 'Lachrymæ' (B.), or Seven Passionate Pavans, composed by the famous lutenist, John Dowland (published 1605). Some portion of this work appears to have been very popular. Beaumont and Fletcher again mention it in *Rollo* and in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*; Shirley, in *The Lady of Pleasure* (1635), has 'Madam, your eyes are turning Lachrymæ'; Massinger, in *The Maid of Honour* (1632), terms it 'doleful,' and in his *The Picture* (1623) it is contrasted with 'Room for a Lusty Gallant' (which may very probably be the tune 'Lusty Gallant' in Ballet's book; this dance tune is mentioned in pamphlets by Breton, 1577, and Nash, 1594); Webster uses the expression 'singing Lachrymæ at the cart's tail' in his *Devil's Law Case* (1628), in which play (XI) 'Orlando' (B.) is also mentioned. (XII) 'The Shaking of the Sheets' (B.) is often referred to, almost always with a double entendre: e.g., Massinger's *City Madam*, Cook's *How a Man may choose a good Wife* (1602), Barry's *Ram Alley* (1611), Heywood's *Woman killed with kindness* (1608). This last-named play also mentions (XIII) 'Rogerio' (B. and D.) as a dance, as does also Dekker in *The Shoemaker's Holiday* (1599). Both these two last-mentioned tunes and also (XIV) 'Turkeyloney' (B.) are referred to with disapproval in S. Gosson's *School of Abuse* (c. 1579). (XV) 'Wigmore's Galliard' (B. and D.) is mentioned in Middleton's *Five*

Gallants (1608). (XVI) 'Sellenger's Round' (B.) or St. Leger's Round, said in *Lingua* to be the first tune the Planets played, 'in memory whereof ever since it hath been called "The beginning of the World."' Both titles are given in Heywood's *Woman Killed* and in his *Witches of Lancashire*. It is very often mentioned: the countryman in Shirley's *Lady of Pleasure* whistles it to his horse, and a lively lady in Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase* (ii, 2) is said to be 'as familiar as a fiddler' with it. (XVII) 'Robin Reddocks,' i.e., Redbreast (B.), a song mentioned, with many others, in W. Wager's morality *The longer thou livest* (c. 1570). Nash in his pamphlet *Have with you to Saffron Walden* (1596) mentions Nos. 3, 7, 13 and 14 of the above-mentioned tunes and also (XVIII) 'All Flowers of the Broom' (B.), which is also mentioned in N. Breton's *Works of a Young Wit* (1577).⁽¹⁾

H. MACAULAY FITZGIBBON.

(1) Ballet's book contains several galliards: 'Master Mathias,' 'Squires,' 'Mr. Daniel Batcheler's,' 'Lady Ritchie's,' 'Praunel's,' 'Omnino,' 'Queen's,' 'Mountford's,' 'Mary Thorney's,' 'Nusquam,' 'Phillida,' 'Sinck a port,' etc.; some pavens: 'Passing Measure'—i.e., *Passa Mezzo*, a slow dance, see *Twelfth Night*, v, 1, and *Lingua*, iii, 7.—'The Flat,' 'Spanish,' 'The Quodran' (also in Dallis), also known as 'Gregory Walker,' 'Delight,' etc.; and, amongst others, the following tunes:—'The Earl of Darbey's Coranto,' 'Staines Morris' (used by Sir A. G. Macfarren in his cantata 'May Day'), 'Queen Marie's Dump,' 'Wilson's Wile,' 'John Pauleton's Toye,' 'Bara Foetus' Dreame' (also known as 'The Shepherd's Joy'), 'Lost is my Liberty,' 'The Witches' Dance,' 'Well-a-day,' 'The Voice of the Earth,' 'The Woods so Wild,' 'Robinson's Toye,' 'Chamberlaine's Toye,' 'All in a garden greene,' 'The Blacsmitt,' 'Buffons,' 'Durettes,' 'Kileken,' 'La Rouse,' 'La Veche' (for two lutes, one part missing), 'Light loves Ladies,' 'The Owld Man,' and some others, undecipherable.

Dallis' book contains, amongst other items, many galliards ('Scotze,' 'French,' 'Earl of Oxford's,' 'Nove,' etc.); *Passa Mezzo* ('de Pavana,' 'd'Angleterre,' 'de Gonzani,' etc.); pavens ('de Louis,' 'Mr. William Bird's,' 'Phillip's,' 'de la Bataille,' etc.); and, amongst others, the following tunes:—'Dallis' Fanaye,' 'The Queen's Almagne,' 'Leve le Cœur,' 'Oh, what it is to love,' 'Erad! Magio,' 'Fantasie of M. Antonio,' 'Chanson and Salterello English.'

AT DR. BURNEY'S

'I LOVE Burney,' said Dr. Johnson. 'I question if in the world there is such another man altogether for mind, intelligence and manners.'

Dr. Burney was a man of many friends. His generous appreciation of the merits of others endeared him to members of his own profession, for there was never a musician more free from envy, hatred and malice. His social gifts, ready wit and charm of manner gave him the entrée into exclusive and aristocratic circles, and he numbered among his friends the most famous artists, actors and writers of his time. Intimacy with the Burney family was an enviable privilege, for the Burney girls added much to the attraction of the home. Thanks to the letters and journals of three of them we, too, are admitted to this intimacy and can enjoy (though not as listeners) the musical evenings in Poland Street, Queen's Square, and especially, St. Martin's Street.

Frances, the shy one, the authoress of *Evelina*, wrote the most copiously, and late in life (as Mme. D'Arblay) amplified, condensed and altered her early letters and diaries in her preposterous *Memoir* of her father.

Dr. Burney's Continental travels (1770 and 1772) gained him celebrity and brought him in contact with a vast number of musicians and well-known people. Those who came afterwards to England sought to make or renew his acquaintance and the most capricious operatic artists were willing and anxious to sing to 'Dr. Borni.'

One of the first of the recorded musical evenings was a 'charming concert' when Esther, the eldest daughter, played the harpsichord, her cousin Charles Rousseau Burney (whom she married two years later) the violin, Cervetto (of the Ranelagh orchestra) and his son the 'base' and 'Papa' the organ. Cousin Charles afterwards 'shone in a Lesson of Papa's on the harpsichord.'

There is a portrait group, three-quarter length, belonging to the Burney family which shows pretty Esther seated at her instrument, Charles with his violin standing behind her and Richard, his brother, leaning against her chair.

'If my father was disposed to cultivate with the world, what a delightful acquaintance he might have!' wrote Fanny in 1772, when the family were living in Queen Square, and she told of a 'noble concert' when Celestini, a brilliant violinist, led the band. Sir

William Hamilton who, as British Minister at Naples had shown great kindness to Dr. Burney and who as well as his lady (predecessor of the notorious Emma) was an enthusiastic amateur, honoured the party 'with his assistance' and played out of Celestini's book. His kinsman, Mr. Beckford, who won all hearts by the friendly fervency of his manners, played the flute under the eminent flautist, Tacet. Esther and her husband (since his marriage always mentioned as 'Mr. Burney') were also members of this select party, and he, by his wonderful performance on the harpsichord was again the king of the evening.

Only the Burneys were present one 'most heavenly evening' when the guests were that sweet violinist, Celestini; Sacchini, the famous composer of Italian Opera; and Millico, the divine Millico, his chief singer. Hetty surprised and gratified Sacchini by playing part of the overture of his new opera 'Il Cid,' though it was not yet published and had only twice been performed. Millico sang his favourite air from it, accompanied on the harpsichord by Sacchini who, with little voice but great taste, sang in his turn. The two men showed each other off and seemed to be affectionate friends. Then Millico, who had a pretty gift for melody and whose little songs or *rondeaux* may be found in old music books, played and sang some of his own compositions. Fanny was entranced. She had never known pleasure so exquisite, so heartfelt, so *divinely penetrating*! The ugliness of Millico's person was forgotten (Sacchini on the contrary was handsome and elegant) and the sweet singer and his songs were ever present in her imagination.

The amazing execution of Mr. Burney on the harpsichord astonished him and a long shake with the fourth and little fingers, then changing from finger to finger, while the left hand continued the subject, brought him to his feet, exclaiming, 'It is terrible, I really tink!'

In the autumn of 1774 the Burneys moved to a house in St. Martin's Street which, as Mme. D'Arblay wrote 'had been assiduously and skilfully purchased and prepared' by Mrs. Burney during her husband's visit, after a breakdown in health, to their dear friend Mr. Crisp at Chesington. No wonder he had broken down. Crisp had protested against his 'regular course of irregularity'—supping at midnight, working until the small hours of the morning—'using his thin carcase most abominably,' all his spare time shut up in his study working at his History in all the leisure moments he could snatch from business and from sleep.

The house, when built by Sir Isaac Newton, stood actually in Leicester Fields, but the street was now, according to Mme. D'Arblay, 'odious' . . . 'dirty and ill-built and vulgarly peopled.' But it was

near the centre of things and easy of access. Newton's observatory still stood on the roof—the sanctum sanctorum of the developer of the skies in their embodied movements.' When this turret was destroyed by a hurricane, Dr. Burney, out of reverence for his illustrious predecessor, had it reconstructed and much of Fanny's writing was done there. She was very much pleased with the 'mansion,' a corner house, close to Leicester Square. Those who were fortunate enough to go through the dismantled rooms before the house was demolished could, in imagination, re-people it with the eighteenth century men and women so vividly described by Fanny and her sisters.

It was not a spacious house, though she playfully called it a 'mansion.' Downstairs, to the left of the street door was a parlour with two windows. Above it a room with three rather narrow, deeply-recessed windows, occupied the entire front. There was a fine chimney piece in the Adam style and a handsomely painted ceiling. Folding doors led to a back room with a window looking on a little garden. This was the library, used as a music room and containing besides books, two harpsichords and a pianoforte, one of the earliest instruments of its kind. Though Dr. Burney disliked a crowded room for music it cannot have been easy to avoid it, especially as hooped petticoats were in fashion for ladies. Beyond the library was a small room, known as 'chaos,' otherwise Dr. Burney's study. Here his friend Garrick found him on one of his early morning visits, surrounded by books and papers, while Fanny made his tea and a hairdresser was busy with the tight little curls that we know so well in Reynolds's portrait.

With the removal to St. Martin's Street the concerts became more brilliant and famous. There was no need for Dr. Burney to be a lion-hunter. Lions came to him and brought others. Omai, the young Otaheitan, was more than once a guest and on his last visit was persuaded to sing a song of his own country, which Fanny declared to be 'a queer, wild, strange rumbling of sounds—the only savage thing about him.' And there was the great traveller Dr. Bruce, nicknamed 'the King of Abyssinia,' huge of stature, overbearing and dictatorial, on the defensive because his stories were received with incredulity. He was musical and Dr. Burney was indebted to him for the drawings of a Theban harp and an Abyssinian lyre which he used for his History. English singers were not much in fashion at that time—certainly not English men—but much as Dr. Burney admired Italian opera and operatic singing, it was his ambition to secure equal musical advantages for his compatriots and on his return from the Continent he hoped by the establishment of a Conservatorio 'to save English talent from the mortification, and the British purse

from the depredations, of seeking a constant annual supply of genius and merit from foreign shores.' (See Mme. D'Arblay's *Memoir*.) He wished to make it possible that wherever musical talent was found, the means of cultivating it might be provided. It was pointed out that there would be a grave risk in taking the children of the poor promiscuously; there must be careful selection. In order to avoid any chance of early contamination (the chances of heredity were not taken into account) it was proposed only to select children from the Foundling Hospital. But the objection was raised that music was an art of luxury, by no means requisite to life or accessory to morality, and although Dr. Burney's eloquent pleading almost persuaded the governors and directors, the scheme was abandoned.

There were two rival 'Queens of Song' in London in 1775—Gabrielli at the Opera House and Agujari at the Pantheon where her fee for two songs a night was a hundred guineas. 'La Bastardina' (for like most favourite singers of the time she was known by a nickname) had a voice of amazing compass, perhaps the highest on record, for she sang from middle C to C in altissimo, that is, two notes higher than the range of the harpsichord. Rumour said that these extra notes were due to her violent screams when, as a child, she was partly devoured by a pig, and it was generally supposed that the missing portion of her side had been replaced by ribs of silver. There were many current jokes and epigrams about her 'silver side.' Lord Sandwich ('Jemmy Twitcher') showed Dr. Burney a catch he had written in Italian, a dialogue between the lady and the pig, in which she began 'Caro mio porco' and the pig answered with a grunt; but he had sufficient good taste to say that he would not have it 'set' until she had left the country.

Wherever Agujari went she was attended by Signor Colla, her teacher, accompanist, and watch dog. The Burneys whose ideas of propriety, at any rate with regard to females, were strict, took it for granted, as did the rest of the world, that he was also her husband and on her first visit to St. Martin's Street, Hetty, who was very domestic and talked of her own children, covered herself with confusion by asking Agujari if she had any.

That evening Signor Colla explained that the Signora was suffering from a slight sore throat and could not be permitted to sing. She was quite affable and graciously pleased when Hetty conquered her diffidence and played a 'Lesson of Bach of Berlin.' Agujari talked of Gabriella, but said she had not heard her because, as Signor Colla explained, two 'first singers' could never meet. And she had never heard Galucci, who was second to her at the Pantheon, for she always left the room as soon as she had finished her own song. Agujari's next visit amply made up for the disappointment of the first. She

came to tea at seven, stayed until nearly midnight and sang almost all the time. Fanny raved about her, comparing her with darling Millico for the power and sweetness of her voice, her touching pathos and her shake 'so plump, so true, so open,' as strong and distinct as Mr. Burney's on the harpsichord. Agujari allowed almost everything to be encoired and sang in every possible style—*aria parlante*, passionate airs from 'Didone' (Colla's version of Metastasio's drama), sweet *cantabiles*, nobly simple church music, *bravura* which seemed only possible for an instrument in the hands of a great master, and even *rondeaux* which she despised. And she mimicked herself standing at the Pantheon with her book in her hand 'comme une petite écolière.' She felt that her style was cramped without the freedom of the operatic stage.

Her rival, Gabrielli, was advertised at the beginning of the winter season to appear in a new version of 'Didone'—a patchwork in which the recitatives and all her part were by Sacchini. To the dismay of the managers, the lady, at the last moment, refused to sing (she had been very tiresome all through the rehearsals) and the expectant crowd was infuriated by an announcement that there could be no opera that evening on account of the indisposition of the 'two Capital Serious Singers.' Fortunately for the management the opera was given on the following Saturday to a 'prodigious house.' The Burney girls were there, determined not to dethrone their idol Agujari. The young people maintained that she was still unrivalled, but Dr. Burney, who, as Fanny admitted, had at once more indulgence and judgment than his saucy children, found more than they did to praise in La Gabriella.

The next evening there was 'a most superb party of company' in St. Martin's Street. The occasion was indirectly the duet playing of Charles and Esther Burney, now so famous that Prince Alexis Orloff was assured that he must not leave England without hearing them play Müthel's incomparable Duet for Two Harpsichords. Until, and indeed after the great man appeared, Gabrielli was the one topic of conversation.

'Was you at the Opera last night, Mr. Dean?' asked Dr. Burney of the Dean of Winchester, who had liberal views as to secular music on Sundays and was the first to come. The same question was put to each fresh arrival and the very aristocratic company broke up into groups, still discussing La Gabriella, until Baron Demidoff brought news that the Prince was obliged to show himself at Lady Harrington's rout and begged that the music might not be deferred on his account. Esther played the pianoforte and her husband the harpsichord in a duet of his own composition, and the effect of the two instruments

together was much admired. The Hon. Mrs. Brudenel, who had a fine voice and great merit for a lady singer, sang a *pastoral cantabile* of very elegant sweet music from Rauzzini's 'Piramo e Tisbé'—chastely and without vile graces and trills, reminding Dr. Burney of the good old school.

At last the illustrious guest, attended by a Russian noble and a Hessian general, stood in the doorway of the crowded library, his toupee almost touching the lintel, superbly dressed and blazing with jewels. He was immensely tall and stout in proportion, his native coarseness and brutality veiled by gracious condescension. His evil reputation gave him a horrible fascination and the Burney girls shuddered inwardly at the sight of the powerful hands that had crushed the life out of the wretched Emperor Peter, by order, it was said, of the Empress. Her portrait was hung round his neck, set in diamonds of such size and lustre that they dazzled the sight.

Refusing any of the proffered chairs, he sat down heavily on the corner of a form close to the shrinking Susan, whom he playfully called his 'petite prisonnière.' The grand Duet by Mûthel was then played and the Prince was surprised to hear that the performers were husband and wife. 'Mais qu'a produit tant d'harmonie?' he asked. 'Rien, Monseigneur, que trois enfants,' answered Hetty, laughing, and at once regretted her impulsive speech, for the Prince laughed loudly and became unpleasantly and vulgarly facetious. Baron Demidoff, thin, long-nosed and *triste*, applauded the duet, clapping on his snuff box and exclaiming—'Dis is so pretty as ever I heard in my life.'

Lady Edgumbe, after striking up a flirtation with His Highness and getting his promise to call upon her, departed for Lady Harrington's rout, and when the room had thinned a request was made to the Prince that the ladies might be allowed a nearer view of the Empress's portrait. He graciously bade the Hessian General untie it from his neck and it was passed from hand to hand while he bowed and smirked and ogled, declaring with 'a supercilious sort of sarcastic homage' that if they pleased, the ladies might strip him entirely!

Other distinguished foreigners came one Sunday evening—the French Ambassador, M. de Guignes (a fine flute player but not a *persona grata* with Frederick of Prussia) and the Danish Ambassador, Baron Deiden, with his Baroness. Mr. Jones (a silly young man) played on a harp with new pedals, constructed by the ingenious Merlin, a very sweet instrument. Mr. Burney performed a concerto of Schobert's with his usual successful velocity, and the Baroness, the best *dilettante* player in Europe, played a lesson by the same composer, a piece of execution which Hetty followed with a slow movement

by Eckard, almost unequalled for taste, elegance and expression. Miss Louisa Harris sang a noble recitative and air by her teacher, Sacchini, and a sweet, flowing *rondeau* from 'Piramo e Tisbé' by the young and fascinating Signor Rauzzini, who was also present looking like an angel. But the great feast of the night, as everyone declared, was Müthel's Duet for Two Harpsichords, which Dr. Burney thought the noblest composition of its kind.

Dr. Johnson, on his own admission, was insensible to the power of music and Boswell brought a characteristic snub on himself when he described his own exaggerated emotions: 'Sir, I should never hear it if it made me such a fool.' So it was not love of music, but love of Dr. Burney that took him to St. Martin's Street. His first visit was early one afternoon when he was on his way to dine at Mrs. Montague's. Mr. and Mrs. Thrale with their disagreeable young daughter and other guests were there before him. After some lively conversation, Hetty and Sukey (they are *Hettina* and *Susette* in the *Memoir*) played a duet and in the midst of it Dr. Johnson shambled into the room, his near-sighted eyes not perceiving Mrs. Thrale until she held out her hand. He poked his nose over the harpsichord until the duet was finished. He gave Hetty a loud and hearty kiss (poor Hetty!) when she was introduced by her father as an old acquaintance and then gave his attention to the books, almost touching the backs with his eyelashes until he fixed on one and began to read it, standing apart from the rest of the company and neither heeding nor hearing the duet played by Dr. Burney and his daughter.

To draw him into the conversation, Dr. Burney repeated a question of Mrs. Thrale's about 'Bach's Concert' on the previous evening. Dr. Johnson obligingly put away his book and uttered the often quoted query: 'And pray, sir, who is this Bach? Is he a piper?' This may not have been ignorance, but heavy pleasantry to draw a protest from Mrs. Thrale, for he must have heard before of the concerts arranged by J. C. (the English) Bach and his partner Abel, which were attracting fashionable London. There was no more music, but chocolate and conversation in the adjoining room.

A few months later there was another visit from Dr. Johnson and his Streatham friends. Mr. Greville who thirty years or so before, for the sake of young Charles Burney's companionship, had paid Dr. Arne £300 to cancel his pupil's articles, had signified his desire to meet Dr. Johnson and the Thrales. They in their turn were more than willing to meet the Grevilles. He was known to be a man of exceptional gifts and culture. She, once a beauty, was known as the author of an *Ode to Indifference*. Their daughter, the beautiful and brilliant Mrs. Crewe, afterwards Lady Crewe, came with them. Dr. Burney, thinking mistakenly that a little music would create a har-

monious atmosphere, invited Esther and her husband and Signor Piozzi, a singer of distinction and charm. Two gentlemen and the Burney girls made up the party. A fragment of the journal of Charlotte, the youngest and liveliest of the four, still in her teens and much given to slang and bad puns, confirms the more prolix account in the *D'Arblay Memoir* and adds the interesting information that Dr. Johnson's hands, face and linen were clean.

Signor Piozzi sang a cantata in his best manner, but instead of the 'social conciliation' which the master of the house intended, it was 'the herald of general discomfiture.' The guests had come to talk, to pit their conversational powers against each other, but no one would begin. Mr. Greville, assuming his most supercilious air, stood aloof with his back to the fire. Mrs. Greville waited for Dr. Johnson to begin. Mrs. Crewe, amused at the oddity of the situation, also said nothing. Mr. Thrale, always a listener rather than a talker, gave no help. Dr. Johnson, not being challenged to hold forth, remained abstractedly silent, and Dr. Burney's efforts to start conversation met with no success. Even Mrs. Thrale was tongue-tied. She was bored by the music, for she did not know a crotchet from a quaver, and provoked by the aristocratic aloofness of Mr. Greville. At last, determined to do something to bring herself into prominence, she suddenly left her chair and stealing on tip-toe behind Piozzi, who was accompanying himself on the pianoforte in an animated *aria parlante*, she showed a want of good breeding unworthy of a descendant of 'Adam of Saltsburg who came over with the Conqueror,' by squaring her elbows, shrugging her shoulders and rolling her eyes in ludicrous mimicry of the unconscious singer, until Dr. Burney quietly suggested to her that if she had no ear for music other people had, a rebuke which she received with perfect good temper.

This episode did nothing to relieve the situation. The girls played duets. Piozzi had a quiet little nap. The gentlemen stood with their backs to the fire and Dr. Johnson ruminated. Suddenly he looked up. 'If it were not for depriving the ladies of the fire,' he said, 'I should like to stand upon the hearth myself!' Three of the gentlemen sat down promptly. Mr. Greville glared for a moment and stalked haughtily away, ringing the bell as he passed to order his carriage. And so ended one of the most uncomfortable evenings ever spent in St. Martin's Street.

The very last thing that any of the party could have dreamed of was that only a few years later Mrs. Thrale would estrange her family and friends by taking Signor Piozzi as her second husband.

After Rauzzini, Pacchierotti became the prime favourite of the Burney girls, their 'Sweet Pac.' He seems to have been an amiable and unassuming creature and unlike some of his compatriots had

the courage during the Gordon Riots *not* to chalk up 'No Popery' on the house where he lived.

It is difficult in the present day to understand enthusiasm for a male soprano, but Dr. Burney's own words indicate the prevailing standard of taste. He admired Pacchierotti for his wonderful voice which extended up to C in alt, his 'unbounded fancy and a power not only of executing the most refined and difficult passages, but of inventing new embellishments which had never then been on paper. . . .'

We read less about concerts in St. Martin's Street after the absorption of the authoress of *Evelina* into the Streatham set and the brilliant period had closed before 1788, when Edmund Burke's influence gained for Dr. Burney the position of organist at Chelsea Hospital. His time was more and more taken up with teaching and the engrossing task of dealing with the mass of material gathered for his History. Susan was married and of the grown up daughters only the lively Charlotte remained much at home. In her opinion an evening might be too musical. She recorded with amusement a wrangle between Dean Ogle of Winchester and his rebellious daughters⁽¹⁾ at a party in his own house when they refused to sing the 'whimsical song' he asked for. As the Dean paid Piozzi half-a-guinea a lesson twice a week, he felt he had a right to call the tune. With many protests they obeyed and sang 'a very pretty little old song, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."'

English music, except for the harpsichord 'Lessons' of Dr. Burney and his nephew, seems to have been ignored in St. Martin's Street. Italians for melody, Germans for harmony, and Britons nowhere. But 'Didone,' 'Il Cid,' 'Tamerlano,' 'Demofonte,' to name some of the dramas of Metastasio made into operas by Sacchini and his kind, could no more thrill an audience of to-day than tears and laughter that was not unkindly could be drawn from the tedious pages of *Evelina*. They are dead beyond recovery, and so apparently are the instrumental works that were deemed masterpieces in St. Martin's Street. Eckart is no more than a reference in a musical dictionary. Schobert is more interesting because of the fatal curiosity that led him to kill himself and his family with poisonous fungi. But as John Sebastian Bach in the last year of his life thought Mützel promising enough to be taken into his house as a pupil, there is a hope that he at least may deserve remembrance, and that as the beautiful possibilities of the harpsichord are once more realised, some one may discover that the famous Duet for Two Harpsichords is worthy of revival.

ELISABETH M. LOCKWOOD.

¹⁾ One of these girls became Sheridan's second wife.

REGISTER OF BOOKS ON MUSIC

THE following list contains a selection of recent books on music. Unless otherwise stated, the year of publication is 1929. All prices quoted are net, and in the case of foreign books the price given is that at which the cheapest edition can be purchased in the country in which the book is published. The rates of exchange on Nov. 22 were ten dollars=£2 1s. 0d.; ten French francs=1s. 7½d.; ten Swiss francs=8s. 0d.; ten German marks=9s. 8½d.; ten Austrian shillings=5s. 9d.; ten Italian lire=£s. 2d.; ten Spanish pesetas=5s. 9d.; ten Danish kroner=11s. 0d.

Acoustics. Richardson, E. G.: *The Acoustics of Orchestral Instruments and of the Organ*. pp. 158. E. Arnold and Co. 10/6.

Aesthetics. Adler, G.: *Der Stil in der Musik*. Buch 1. Prinzipien und Arten des musikalischen Stils. 2. durchgesehene Auflage. pp. vii. 280. Breitkopf. 10 M. [First published in 1912.]

Ambrosian Chant. Bas, G.: *Manuale di Canto Ambrosiano*. M. Capra: Turin.

Ancona. Vitali, A.: *La Società 'Amici della musica' di Ancona e i suoi primi cento concerti*. Sita: Ancona.

Appreciation. Lewis, Leo Rich: *The Ambitious Listener*. pp. 96. O. Ditson & Co.: Boston. 60 cents. [The Pocket Music Student.]

Augustine. Edelstein, H.: *Die Musikhanschauung Augustins nach seiner Schrift 'De Musica'*. pp. 128. Hermann Eichenhagen: Ohlau in Schlesien. [A. Freiburg i. Br. Dissertation.]

Bach. Terry, C. Sanford: *Bach: The Magnificent, Lutheran Masses, and Motets*. pp. 80. Oxford University Press. 1/6. [The Musical Pilgrim.]

Terry, C. Sanford: *Johann Sebastian Bach. Eine Biographie*. [Translated by Alice Klengel.] illus. pp. xvi. 396. Insel-Verlag: Leipzig. 15 M. [The English original was published in 1928.]

Terry, C. Sanford: *The Origin of the Bach Family of Musicians*. Edited, with pedigree tables and a facsimile of Bach's manuscript, by C. S. Terry. pp. 22. Oxford University Press. 12/6.

Bach, Johann Christoph. Fischer, M.: *Die organistische Improvisation im 17. Jahrhundert*. Dargestellt an den 'Vierundvierzig Chorälen zum Präambulieren' von Johann Christoph Bach. pp. 76. 12. Bärenreiter-Verlag: Kassel. 5 M. [Königsberger Studien zur Musikwissenschaft. Bd. 5.]

Beethoven. Correa d'Oliviera, E.: *Dante e Beethoven*. Saggio sintetico sull' arte. Con uno studio critico-estetico sul proemio Dantesco e sulle nove sinfonie. pp. 150. Casa edit. Alpes: Milan, 1928. 15 L.

Farinelli, A.: *Beethoven e Schubert*. pp. 122. G. B. Paravia e Co.: Turin. 10 L.

Rolland, R.: *Beethovens Meisterjahre von der Eroica bis zur Appassionata*. [Translated by Thea Mutzenbecher.] illus. pp. 276. Insel-Verlag: Leipzig, 1930 [1929]. 12 M. [An English translation was reviewed in our July number.]

Schauffler, Robert Haven: *Beethoven: the man who freed music*. illus. 2 vol. pp. xxvii. xiii. 693. Curtis Brown: London; Doubleday, Doran and Co.: Garden City, N.Y.

Berlioz. Berlioz, H.: *Evenings in the Orchestra*. Translated by Charles E. Roche. With an introduction by Ernest Newman. pp. xxii. 306. A. A. Knopf. 21/-.

Wotton, Tom S.: *Berlioz. Four works*. pp. 52. Oxford University Press. 1/6. [The works discussed are: The 'Symphonie fantastique,' the Overtures to 'Benvenuto Cellini' and 'The Corsair,' and the song 'La Captive.']

Biography. Dole, Nathan, H.: *Famous Composers*. Third edition, revised and enlarged. pp. ix. 801. G. G. Harrap & Co.

Isaacson, C. D.: *Face to Face with Great Musicians*. 2 vol. pp. xvii. 247, xvii. 364. D. Appleton & Co. 3/6 each.

Canon. Jadassohn, S.: *A Course of Instruction on Canon and Fugue*. Translated by Gustav Wolff. 3rd edition. pp. viii. 194. Breitkopf. 5 M.

Church Music. Gastoué, A.: *La Vie musicale de l'église*. pp. 55. Bloud et Gay: Paris. 4 fr. 75.

Algrain, R.: *La Musique religieuse*.

- pp. 234. Bloud et Gay: Paris. 12 fr.
- Swisher, Walter S.: *Music in Worship*. pp. 83. O. Ditson & Co.: Boston. 60 cents.
- Concerts.** Newmarch, Rosa: *The Concert-Goss's Library of Descriptive Notes*. Vol. 2. pp. viii. 106. Oxford University Press. 3/6.
- Conducting.** Carse, Adam: *Orchestral Conducting*. pp. iv. 100. Augener. 5/-.
- Scaglia, C.: *Guida allo studio della direzione d'orchestra*. Consigli agli studenti delle classi di direzione d'orchestra degli istituti di musica. pp. 35. A. & G. Carisch & Co.: Milan. 3 L. 50.
- Scherchen, Hermann: *Lehrbuch des Dirigierens*. pp. xi. 322. J. J. Weber: Leipzig. 8 M.
- Criticism.** Hinz, W.: *Kritik der Musik*. pp. 90. G. Kallmeyer: Wolfenbüttel. 2 M. 50.
- Danish Music.** Schmidt-Phisdeck, K.: *Statbiblioteket i Aarhus. Fagkataloger 3. Musikaler*. II. Dansk Musik. pp. 186. Aarhus, 1929.
- Dictionaries.** Müller, Erich H.: *Deutsches Musiker-Lexikon*. pp. viii. col. viii. 1644. W. Limpert Verlag: Dresden. 38 M.
- Pratt, Waldo Selden, ed.: *New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians*. New and revised edition. pp. vi. 969. Macmillan & Co.: New York. 3\$. [First published in 1924.]
- Directories.** Fox's *Music Directory of the United States for 1929*. Music Trade Indicator: Chicago. 1\$ 50.
- Dresden.** Bauer, T.: *Festschrift zur 75 jährigen Jubelfeier, 1854-1924, des Tonkünstlervereins zu Dresden*. pp. 82. Wilhelm und Bertha von Baensch-Stiftung: Dresden.
- Education.** McConathy, Osbourne, and others: *Music Hour in the Kindergarten and First Grade*. pp. viii. 208. Silver. 3\$.
- Steinitzer, M.: *Pädagogik der Musik*. pp. iii. 61. Breitkopf. 2 M.
- Tovey, Herbert G.: *Normal Training in Music*. pp. 67. Standard Publishing Co. 60 cents.
- English Music.** Mellor, Albert: *A Record of the Music and Musicians of Eton College*. pp. xii. 153. Spottiswoode, Ballantyne & Co.: Eton College.
- Fugue.** See Canon.
- Fuller-Maitland. Fuller-Maitland, J. A.: *A Door-Keeper of Music*. illus. pp. ix. 310. John Murray. 10/6.
- Gevaert. Clouson, E.: *Gevaert. Conférence prononcée le 5 décembre 1928*. pp. 32. Imprimerie A. Lesigne: Brussels.
- Gramophone.** Wilson, P. and Webb, G. W.: *Modern Gramophones and Electrical Reproducers*. illus. pp. xvi. 271. Cassell & Co. 10/6.
- Gregorian Chant.** Jeannin, Dom. J.: *Accent bref ou accent long en chant Grégorien?* H. Herelle & Cie, Paris.
- Harmony.** Erpf, H.: *Harmonielehre in der Schule*. pp. viii. 96. 11. Quelle & Meyer: Leipzig, 1930 [1929.] 4 M. [Musikpädagogische Bibliothek. Heft 7.]
- Häusermann.** Hans Häusermann und der Häusermannsche Privatchor. [A memorial volume.] pp. viii. 140. Gebr. Hug & Co.: Zurich.
- History.** Corte, Andrea della: *Antologia della storia della musica*. Vol. II. L'ottocento. pp. 336. G. B. Paravia & Co.: Turin. 27 L. 50.
- Hewitt, Thos. J. and Hill, Ralph: *An Outline of Musical History*. 2 vol. pp. 97, 146. Hogarth Press. 2/6 each.
- Riemann, Hugo: *Musikgeschichte in Beispielen*. Mit Erläuterungen von Arnold Schering. Vierte Auflage. pp. viii. 16. 334. Breitkopf. 12 M.
- Schinelli, A.: *Brevi cenni di storia della musica*. . . Seconda edizione riveduta ed aggiornata. pp. 84. C. Signorelli: Milan, 1929. 3 L.
- Scholes, P. A.: *The Listener's History of Music*. Vol. 1. To Beethoven. Third Edition. pp. xiv. 180. Oxford University Press. 6/-.
- Hymnody.** Schmidt, Ernst: *Die Geschichte des evangelischen Gesangbuches der ehemaligen freien Reichsstadt Rothenburg ob der Tauber*. illus. pp. 284. J. P. Peter: Rothenburg, 1928 [1929]. 20 M.
- Indian Music.** Sambamoorthy, P.: *The Melakarta Janya-Raga Scheme*, with an explanatory chart and two appendices. pp. 56. Indian Music Publishing House: Madras. 8 annas.
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- Kiel. Rühlmann, F.: *10 Jahre Oratorienverein in Kiel, 1919-1929*. illus. pp. 105. W. G. Mührlau: Kiel. 2 M. 50.
- Königsberg.** Guttler, H.: *Königsbergs Musikkultur im 18. Jahrhundert*. illus. pp. 298. Bärenreiter-Verlag: Kassel. 8 M. [Königsberger Studien zur Musikwissenschaft. Bd. 4.]
- Krieger. Othoff, H.: *Adam Krieger [1634-46]. Neue Beiträge zur Geschichte des deutschen Liedes im 17. Jahrhundert*. illus. pp. vii. 107. Breitkopf. 7 M.
- Loewenstern.** Epstein, P.: *Apelles von Löwenstern [1594-1648]. Mit einer Neuausgabe der Chöre zu Martin Opitz' 'Judith'*. pp. v. 50. 31. Priebatsch's Buchhandlung: Breslau. 4 M. [Schriften des Musikalischen

Instituts bei der Universität Breslau.
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Terry, R. R.: *A Forgotten Psalter, and other essays*. pp. vii. 206. Oxford University Press. 7/6.

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Mozart. Marks, F. Helena: *Questions on Mozart's Piano Sonatas*. Designed as a companion volume to the author's 'The Sonata, its form and meaning, as exemplified in the piano sonatas by Mozart.' pp. 60. W. Reeves. 1/6.

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Music Publishing. Schumann, M.: *Zur Geschichte des Deutschen Musikalien-Handels. 1829-1929*. Verband der Deutschen Musikalien-Händler: Leipzig.

Notation. Hitzig, W.: *Tonsystem und Notenschrift*. pp. iii. 33. Breitkopf. 1 M. 20.

Opera. Schiedermair, L.: *Die deutsche Oper*. Grundzüge ihres Werdens und Wesens. illus. pp. xv. 327. Quelle & Meyer: Leipzig. 1930 [1929]. 14 M.

Orchestration. Andersen, Arthur Olaf: *Practical Orchestration*. pp. 249. C. C. Birchard & Co.: Boston, New York.

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Mahrenholz, C.: *Die Orgelregister, ihre Geschichte und ihr Bau*. Bärenreiter-Verlag: Kassel. [In course of publication in instalments. Price of the first instalment (80 pp.): 4 M. 20.]

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Schacht. Schacht, Matthias Henriksen [1660-1700]: *Musique Danicus eller Danske Sangmester*. Udg. af G. Skjerne. Hagerup: Kopenhagen. 75 Kr. [The first printed edition of an important

musical treatise, dated 1687, in the Royal Library at Copenhagen.]

Schroeder. Mahling, F.: *Edmund Schröder, ein zeitgenössischer Komponist*. [With an appendix: Versuch einer Bibliographie der Schröderschen Kompositionen, von Walter Lott.] pp. vii. 54. 4. Helios-Verlag: Münster. 3 M. 50. [Schröder, b. 1882, was a pupil of Ph. Scharwenka and Reger, and has written a large number of songs and much chamber music.]

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Violin. Kleverkaus, P.: *Die Konstruktion des Geigenkörpers aus den Teillängen der Saiten*. pp. 81. P. de Wit: Leipzig. 3 M.

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C. B. O.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC

The following abbreviations are used: O.U.P. [Oxford University Press], Ch[ester], Elk[in], L.G. & B. [Leonard, Gould & Bolttler], Cra[mer].

Songs.

The first number of 'Two songs and an interlude from Goldsmith' by Robin Milford [O.U.P.] is good. There is nothing in the music to hinder the wit of the words, and the song is singable. The interlude (before the playing of which the lines called 'Sweet Auburn' must be recited) is nice to hear, though a pianoforte does not make much of it. Lastly comes the 'Elegy on the death of a mad dog,' the least good of the three, a hint too tortured for a simple story, where enough wit is in the words for them either to be left alone, or else given the barest of accompaniment. 'Four miniature songs' by the same composer contains a delicate setting of Herrick's 'Child's Grace,' though here again the accompaniment seems to be trying to do more than it need. To some extent the same may be said of W. Arundel Orchard's 'Troubadour songs' [O.U.P.], with this added: that here the voice part as well is often badly put together, with unwarrantable steepes, and that the songs are patchy because the words, which are slightly antique in manner, fit unevenly with the modernisms of the music. It is the old trouble, the same question as to whether it is possible to set old words to new music. There is bound to be a continual wrench in the mind of a sensitive listener. Some composers have done it, for instance Arthur Bliss in 'Pastoral,' with fair success, chiefly by means of very careful attention to form, so that two shapes may be matched even if two utterances cannot. In these 'Troubadour songs' the literary form is subtle, the music square cut and rigid.

'Two Hebridean songs' by Granville Bantock come from a prolific source, a stream that still runs at about the same pace and with the same clearness. These two songs [Elk.] are easy to sing and they could not have been very difficult to write, for there is nothing new about them and the words are set in the mildest possible manner. Since Bantock another large purveyor of songs has come to light and Peter Warlock now holds the attention of the publishing world. Notice has often been given to his songs in these columns. It suffices now to mention briefly the latest batch, which differ hardly at all from previous consignments. 'Youth' is worth looking at. You think it is going to be something like the Stravinsky of 'Pulcinella,' and afterwards you find it is like Quilter. And so with the other two songs, the interest lies in hunting for similarities with other composers. Warlock always has some pretty cadences and exquisite movement of parts to show and he writes very justly for the voice. Also his choice of poems is unimpeachable. Go to him for delightful words. And go to van Dieren [O.U.P.] for the same, generally. Here he sets Charles d'Orléans, the rondel 'Le temps a laissé son manteau,' more

slowly than usual, with a delightful onward movement. That is not to say that the song does not need clever performers, for the voice parts demand immense control and the pianoforte must be played with absolute precision and yet no insistence. For the rest this is one of the most simple of van Dieren's songs both to perform and to hear.

One of Edmund Duncan-Rubbra's 'Two songs' [O.U.P.] is much better than its fellow. It is the 'Invocation,' a short piece of writing, very well put together, poetically expressed. The other is called 'A prayer' and seems to have come from a less clear state of mind, or from a mind that did not know the best way to go to work, as it certainly did in 'Invocation.' This composer is worth watching. There remain Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco's settings of three of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese. [Ch.] The task must have been a difficult one, for surely no poems are less made for mating with music than these. Apart from that, this composer has gone a curious way about it, providing thick colour where wash would have sufficed. The last of the three is ingenious. The composer has taken Chopin's third prelude and put a descant above it. The other example comes at once to mind. But Gounod provided a real melody. Here there is nothing but a halting vocal line which fits as best it can. It is refreshing to turn to an arrangement of three Irish folk songs by Sir Hamilton Harty, which only Stanford could have done better.

Collections of songs.

Seven volumes of Handel's songs [Boosey] cover a large area and represent a by no means negligible achievement on the part of Walter Ford who has done the selecting and editing. There is little to say about these volumes but in commendation. Rupert Erlebach's arrangement of the accompaniments is sound, and free from untrue effects. The voice parts are kept without any added expression marks, which leaves the singer to himself and also makes him responsible for right performance. Should he have doubts as to his capabilities properly to interpret Handel, he has only to turn to the end of each volume and will find wise remarks by the editor on how to sing these songs. The seven volumes ought to find their way into the libraries of singers. The price is not excessive (8s. 6d. per volume) and each volume is designed for a different type of voice: No. 1 for Light Soprano, No. 2 for Dramatic Soprano, &c., &c.

In another category there appears 'An anthology of song' [O.U.P.] put together by John Goss. This represents, so the Foreword says, a collection of songs this singer is fond of. His taste is wide. The first song is a magnificent one: Schubert's 'TodtengrÄbers Heimweh.' The last is also good: Moussorgsky's 'River Don.' There is nothing here not worth studying. The volume is well printed in large type. Might it not have been better (as it certainly would have been more pleasant for many singers) if, in translated songs, the English had been put underneath?

Pianoforte.

'Three dedications' are ingenious nothings by Ernest Walker, each one founded on a series of initials which appears in every bar. Harold Rutland's Toccata is also ingenious, with some pretty conceits of

harmony, some quite difficult technical problems, and a general air of bustling over doing nothing. Three Preludes by Dorothy Howell say even less, but they are not pretentious and would please those who like their music pretty and simple. They are not easy to play. Neither are Four Irish Folk Songs, freely arranged by Arthur Alexander. The second one is very pleasant, the others lose the folk song in the arrangements or else spoil the arrangement by the folk song which differs in character from the rest of the matter. 'A Cornish Day' may be mentioned for a certain charm it has on first trial. Margaret Parsons, the composer, must get farther away from Rachmaninov if she wants to write music that has anything but the impersonal reflection of what he does well, but he only. There remain Two Preludes by Arthur Baynon. The first is likeable, the second is founded on a figure that tires by the fourth bar out of seventy-three. [All O.U.P.]

'Chopin through the looking glass' comes from Hedwig McEwen [O.U.P.] There is some excuse for doing this sort of thing 'for fun,' but hardly for putting it into print. To arrange Chopin Studies for the left hand is a lazy way of writing your own L.H. exercises. There is nothing to be said in favour of it as a piece of art.

Among the school music, the following may be mentioned: 'Elfin Glade,' a set of pieces by T. F. Dunhill [L.G. & B.] of moderate difficulty, recommended because the music is of good quality. 'Four country pieces' by Norman O'Neill more difficult, needing a proper performing sense. 'Six Irish Tunes' by E. T. Sweeting [O.U.P.], easier than the last, right stuff to set before a child who is keen enough to be trained in what is good and what bad music.

Finally, a set of arrangements. Leonard Borwick's are headed 'The Borwick Edition' [O.U.P.], a just way of signalling the musicianship of one who arranged Debussy's 'L'après-midi d'un faune' so well. Here he is represented by an organ chorale of J. S. Bach and the Sarabande from a Bach 'cello sonata. It is clear that an unaccompanied 'cello sonata is one of the most arrangeable things for the pianoforte. Organ music so seldom is, and W. G. Whittaker is not altogether happy in all the movements of the Bach organ Pastorella. The two middle ones are all right, the first one does not come off, the last would be better with a blind pedal coupled to the manuals. It is impossible to retain, in a pianoforte transcription, what gives organ playing its character: the skilful fingering and the delicate care with the parts so that they are enunciated with a smoothness peculiar to the instrument. The pianoforte pedal only blurs the outlines, a state unknown to good organ work.

Church music.

Modern church music is mainly insipid stuff, and one of the chief reasons for this decadence is to be found in the conspicuous lack of tradition. While secular music has changed since Brahms, and in so doing has at least given evidence of vitality, religious music has remained stationary. Brahms was able to write a Requiem using a style as personal as in any of his symphonies and secular songs. Now no one dares write church music which would be as far from Wesley as Stravinsky is from Brahms. And yet there seems to be no reason why we should not have a religious style of composition as modern as Bax or Holst. Practically all present day church composers write,

at their most daring, like Parry and Stanford generally in an earlier and less robust manner. Kodaly came nearer a true contemporary utterance in the 'Psalmus Hungaricus' a work which might serve as a model to one of our younger composers if one of them could be induced to provide the church with what it so urgently needs.

The assortment of church music before us, excluding the new Bach publications of the O.U.P., is almost unrelievedly dull. It will, however, be allowed this time to ignore the worst and only notice the more bright examples. The organist of Westminster Abbey is one of the most interesting church music writers. His *Te Deum* for the Thanksgiving Service is worthy a great occasion, and is real music enough to be heard again with pleasure. A *Magnificat* by Gordon Slater is simpler, but bears the mark of musicianship. The *Nunc Dimittis* equals it. A *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* by Emily Daymond is for female voices unaccompanied and may be recommended to those who like to work at interesting part-music. It is written for women, but it is especially women who, singing it, must be wary not to stress unduly such a point as: 'In peace' where too much emphasis would spoil a minute effect. 'Jerusalem on high' is a hymn-anthem by Alan Gray, well worked out, but unfortunately founded on a tune that is not very interesting in itself. Probably it would sound well tricked out with a large processional choir accompanied by a cathedral organ. Ernest Bullock's 'Song in the Valley of Humiliation' does fairly adequately with great words, saving the piece by harmonic treatment which keeps things going. [All so far O.U.P.] A Service in D by Noel Ponsoby [Cra.] is useful for small choirs. The service may be used in unison with an organ. The writing is plain, nothing modern here.

After much that has not been mentioned it is like a breath of fresh air in a stuffy room to come on a glorious thing like William Boyce's 'The heavens declare the glory of God.' Really beside such a work as this it is difficult to have patience with the average church composition of to-day. Boyce starts in a sturdy C major with a real tune and a bass that moves with a life of its own. An alto (*sic!*) solo 'Their sound is gone out' is started with a good tune for a trumpet and goes through at a steady pace and with increasing richness of sound. The next (bass) solo has a continuo part that is a joy to look through. Lastly there is a huge four-square chorus 'Great and marvellous are Thy works' ending with a set of Hallelujahs. Nothing so satisfying. [O.U.P.] Beside this there may be put a sixteenth century anthem, from the Brit. Mus. via Peter Warlock [O.U.P.] which is a sheer delight. 'Ah, my dear Son' is its name. It is set for S.S.A. and is full of exquisite part-writing in a delicious mixture of florid, and severe. Choirs should work at these, as well as at the admirable series [O.U.P.] of Bach's extended chorales, edited by W. G. Whittaker. Here are fine things gathered into a manageable form, an inestimable collection of riches, of which space here forbids the mention of any one. But they are all worth getting and performing.

Arias and duets (arranged O.U.P.).

A set of songs and duets from Monteverde's works is welcome. The musical editing has been done by J. A. Westrup, who was responsible for the Oxford performance of 'Orfeo' and the 'Incoronazione di

Poppea, and the translations have been done by R. L. Stuart, translator for the same occasions. Thus the series may be taken on trust. Besides the two operas mentioned above the *'Ritorno d'Ulisse in patria'* has been drawn on. This must not be allowed to complete the series. There are magnificent things to be found in the *'Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda'* (included in the 1688 *Madrigali Geurrieri*), and there is the *Lamento* from *'Arianna'* that might be entrusted to the care of R. L. Stuart. Is it not possible, too, that somewhere in Italy (Mantua and Venice are the two chief, but not the only likely, places) there may be found those lost works that have eluded the keen eye of Goldschmidt?

Another useful series of reprints is the set of Bach Arias issued under the editorship of W. G. Whittaker. Six of these are before us, taken from the church cantatas. In this form (octavo) they bring music of the greatest worth within reach. This kind of thing should have an effect on the repertoire of smaller church choirs, for many of the arie could be sung in unison.

Orchestral works (pianoforte arrangements, all O.U.P.).

William Walton's *'Sinfonia Concertante'* was first heard at a Philharmonic concert some months ago. It is in three movements, is scored evidently for a large orchestra, and the pianoforte is written for as an integral part of the orchestra, only incidentally as a solo instrument. Up to this Walton has written nothing finer, though to many *'Portsmouth Point'* (see *MUSIC AND LETTERS*, October, 1927) will be more charming and *'Facade'* (see *MUSIC AND LETTERS*, January, 1928) more diverting. The *'Sinfonia'* is a more extended piece of work than either of the two just mentioned, and it shows greater constructional ability and a much greater power of consecutive thought. The movements are short, but they do impress one as being symphonic in essence. The tunes (they are not melodies, though that is not to say that they are dry chips) are all short and inclined to be ejaculatory. What is interesting is the way they are used as the work progresses, and it is here that the *'Sinfonia'* shows that Walton's musicianship is sound and that he has advanced much, in the last few years, as a philosopher. (Since this was written the *Viola Concerto* has been performed.)

Walton's *'Siesta'* is scored for small orchestra (and a printed full score is obtainable). It is beyond the scope of any but the cleverest amateur ensembles (flute, oboe, two clarinets, bassoon, two horns, strings), although it would be a thrilling matter to study it and try and master it. Not that it is difficult as regards notes, and its pace is gentle. But the balance of one part against another necessitates very exact playing. It is a delicate work. It seems to say nothing, to be all atmosphere. But there is more in it than just that, and it successfully pictures a state of mind, or, if that label does not satisfy hearers, let it be said that *'Siesta'* immediately suggests a mood, explores it then and there, and finishes its short course, having discussed something definite and kept to the point.

Constant Lambert's *'Rio Grande'* is such a pleasing work that it is difficult to do more with it than just play it over and over. This setting of a poem by Sacheverell Sitwell (with a German translation by Beryl de Zoete that can only be described as marvellous in its ingenuity and, too, its poetic beauty) is scored for solo pianoforte,

mixed chorus, strings, two each of trumpets and cornets, three trombones, a bass tuba and five percussion players dealing with three drums and fourteen other 'kitchen' instruments. The combination is entrancing, and Lambert has used it to perfection. The music is sublimated negroid, a kind of modern counterpart of Rimsky-Korsakov's 'Capriccio Espagnole,' being another case of a composer playing about with foreign material, and a similar example of extremely able and brilliant orchestration. The rhythms are very varied, and must be a delight to play and sing. In the middle there comes a long passage for instruments alone wherein they are very ingeniously combined. The work ends with a passage of lyrical beauty that sounds ravishing. Lambert will, of course, write bigger works than this, and more important. But none more fresh and delicate.

Works for small orchestras.

In the Oxford orchestral series [O.U.P.] a number of new things appear under the editorship of W. G. Whittaker. This series is well produced with clear print, good paper and fairly stiff covers to stand the strain of rehearsals. Parts may be obtained. Some of these new numbers are reprints left as in the original: the chorale from J. S. Bach's church cantata 147 'Jesu, joy of man's desiring' is a good example. Others are arrangements, and here treacherous ground is crossed, on the whole successfully. Strings, with optional wind (and sometimes brass) are written for. Michele Esposito edits movements from works by Mozart, Couperin and J. S. Bach (the Brandenburg concerto originally for the lower strings, here scored for all of them).
Sc. G.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

Gabriel Fauré: par Philippe Fauré-Fremiet. Paris, les Editions Riedest: pp. 100 (text), 60 (illustrations). fcs. 18.

A son rarely writes a good biography of his father. Indeed, a good biography is itself rare. This book seems to be one of the rarities. The author rather describes Fauré's aims and methods and his attitude towards art and life, than seeks to measure his achievement. In this country, it may safely be said, Fauré is not sufficiently known. Here is a pleasant opportunity of getting to know about a man who counted among men and whose life was worth living.

From 1845 to 1924 covers many happenings in music. There were many leaders whom a young provincial born with no musical traditions whatever might have been content to follow. Fauré's forebears seem to have been 'unmusical' (though one of them had a 'voix si forte que lorsqu'il appelait ses chiens on l'entendait à six lieues à la ronde'!) but they were forthright serious folk. The little Gabriel, whose photographs show him with as much chin as is good for an effective visionary, did inherit traditions of right aims and high standards, and these were sustained by his father's good counsel. Had he not been of that sort, Saint-Saëns and Messenet would probably not have fought hard to secure his appointment as Director of the Conservatoire in 1905. In 1908, Fauré had written, 'Pour moi, l'art, la musique surtout) consiste à nous élever le plus loin possible au-dessus de ce qui est.' Fifty-eight years had not disillusioned him. He carried that spirit right through the last twenty years of his life when he was to hear no music at all. This is described as the tragic period of his life and was, perhaps, that in which he did some of his best work as a composer. Whether his deafness disabled him from performing all his duties at the Conservatoire or not, it was he who called Debussy and Vincent d'Indy to the Conseil Supérieur there. A serious, whimsical man, with a gift of letter-writing and a taste in caricature. A hard conscientious worker and a lover of the simple good things under the sun. So he is described, and the book of it rings none the less true for the following little tinkle:

'Je regardai passer l'omnibus sur la pont

Avec cet air pensif que les omnibus ont.'

which closes a 'Sonnet à la manière de Francois Coppée.' The illustrations are admirably reproduced photographs of people, scenes, caricatures, MSS., etc. They do these things well in France. But there is no general index or list of Fauré's works, which would have made a good little book better still.

W. M. M.

The theories of Claude Debussy. By Léon Vallas. From the French, by Maire O'Brien. Oxford University Press. 6s. 6d. net.

This is a book which will irritate but interest. It is, as well, a rather pathetic document. One feels shy of looking on while a great artist strives against the wind, and catches oneself wishing that he had kept within the province set for him. Music, being the impersonal

thing it is, hides the creator from us, and we need never know what mental contortions have suffered in making what we listen to. To forsake this privacy for the dusty arena of the public Press may well be incomprehensible to an onlooker. Wagner did it—but then he had to have his daily dose of blood, a medicine that refreshed his whole being, and kept the muscles of his brain in good working order. Berlioz did it—but he had fine wit and expressed in his writings that sense of humour which he never seemed able quite to bring to his dealings with life itself. Debussy did it—but why? There seems so little real need for his troubling to do criticism at all, and sight of him doing the kind of ink-slinging that this volume contains is distressing. At times he is amusing. French is a delicate instrument for the saying of hard, sharp things. But Debussy had none of Berlioz's fantastic wit, nor could he theorise as Wagner could. Monsieur Vallas, doing his task very well indeed, has gathered together the various contributions to the Press that embody Debussy's theories of art, and has made the kind of book that will have to be read. For it does reveal Debussy, and whoever may not like to look on while the composer of *Pelléas et Mélisande* drives his pen, first through conservatism (which is a worthy fight), and then through Wagner's music (which makes a pitiful sight) must be content not to know the man, only the musician. For that type of reader the book will hardly be pleasant. But for the dissecting reader there is much of interest. Debussy was ridiculously peevish about what he did not like, and nowhere is this more apparent than in his written opinions about Wagner, whose influence he came to dislike and fear. His work at the Villa Medici seems to have embittered him, and afterwards he was never so happy as when breaking a lance in the fight against the pedantry of the schools. Gradually it dawned on him that the influence of 'Germanised music' was going to strangle the music of his country and there was born in his soul an instinctive dread of a future where the delicacy and grace of French musical culture would be swamped in the tide of Wagner. And so it was that he began to preach nationalism. In 1910 he wrote: 'There is no reason why the Germans should understand us. Neither should we try to absorb them.' Until his death in 1918 he continued in that faith with a remarkable singleness of aim. One can imagine what fuel the war added to that fire. However, although this side of Debussy's character does come out clearly in M. Vallas's book, and apart from its preponderating influence on his artistic career, there still are pleasant and witty things to be found in these scattered writings. The pettiness of his polemical utterances need not completely overshadow the gaiety, always rather bitter, that was in his nature.

Sc. G.

The origin of the family of Bach musicians. By Charles Sanford Terry. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. net.

The indefatigable labours of Dr. Sanford Terry have had, as their latest result, the present volume of pedigree tables. The original *Ursprung der Musicalisch-Bachischen Familie*, a short manuscript containing genealogical notes of the family, once in the possession of J. S. Bach, is reproduced in facsimile, and followed by a translation. Three living members of the Bach family have co-operated in providing

material. The manuscript is in J. S. Bach's hand with annotations by Carl Philipp Emanuel.

Sc. G.

A doorkeeper of music. By J. A. Fuller-Maitland. John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

Maybe Mr. Fuller-Maitland only tells of his pleasantest experiences. His volume of memories contains many pleasant aspects of life, his meetings with the great and the notable, his dealings with famous musicians, his life (not quite such hard going as a critic's nowadays) on the staff of *The Times*, the distinction of editing the second edition of Grove's Dictionary, then, to crown it all, retirement to a house which the picture in this book shows to be of an altogether unusually charming kind. Certainly it would appear that his life has run smoothly, or, at least, that if he has spared us the recounting of dark happenings and counterchecks, then the eventual outcome has been very favourable. These late nineteenth-century days are difficult for the present generation to recapture, more difficult in that respect than the early-Victorian age which is now swimming into our ken again.

Sc. G.

Modern Russian Composers. By Leonid Sabaneyeff. Martin Lawrence. 10s. net.

Igor Stravinski is almost the only modern Russian composer known to the rest of Europe, and Mr. Sabaneyeff does not take long to show how completely Parisian he has now become. Rachmaninoff and Metner are also here. The former now has left Russia, disillusioned, and taken up life as a pianist in America. The latter also has left his country and, in doing so, according to the author of this book, has found himself in spiritual surroundings that are sadly antipathetic to his nature. As composers these two are little known, at least in their latest works, though Metner is beginning to find an audience here. But we are wholly ignorant of what can really be called the music of modern Russian, and therefore a book of this kind can teach us much. In more ways than one it is a remarkable book, written in a lively style which manages to sustain the abstractions of musical æsthetics in which the author deals without making for that vagueness which generally surrounds discussions of the sort. It is notable as a study of tendencies. The Russian is inclined to introspection, and Mr. Sabaneyeff is a fair example, among many his country has had, of a writer who delights in a hazardous adventure among human souls. The wonder is that he has been able to bring out a book which, far from being nebulous in form, is a real contribution to musical history as well as an excellent book to read. He has been well served by his subject. Russian composers seem often to have been taken up with extra-musical pursuits, approaching music from odd points. Taneyev, on whom the author bestows some fine pages, was the scientist of music. Skryabin was almost a religio-maniac, deeply interested in the philosophical aspect of this world (and of other worlds). Stravinsky—but then Mr. Sabaneyeff must be read on that composer. Quotation would ruin the satirical, yet just, humour of that essay. The point is that these composers have made no secret

of an interest in philosophical and psychological matters. And this is of paramount importance for a writer like Mr. Sabaneyeff, whose methods are not so much to collect data as to register reactions. With subjects so markedly solipsistic (as he, or his translator, would say) he can go forward fearlessly with his task of laying bare their thoughts and feelings. These Russian composers have spent their best years wandering in the wilderness, not only of a post-revolution world, but of conflicting doctrines and chimerical ideals. Never before has an author been able to tell of so many sick souls between the covers of one book. An illuminating essay on Rachmaninoff leads into Prokofiev and thence through Metner to the unknown composers of Bolshevik Russian: Reinberg, Gnyesin, the two Kreins, Yavorski, the modern Cagliostro of Russian music, and many more. Over it all plane the influences of the Koochka, the National School we know of. And still above that Musorgski is hailed as the greatest of all. This book has been translated into readable American. 'Intimely,' 'seeping through,' sound strange. 'Arrhythmy' is a useful novelty.

Sc. G.

Plainsong accompaniment. By J. H. Arnold. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. net.

One comes to this book with the feeling that plainsong is something recondite and remote that it is a duty to know about, one leaves its last page stimulated by close contact with the unimagined beauty of a distant aspect of music. The author has a gift of explaining things easily and of imparting enthusiasm. He has chosen a thorny subject and one whose very being will be denied by purists. Plainsong should be dealt with by voices only. For that kind of treatment it was meant, and only in that way will the music retain its right suppleness. But it clearly will ease the burden of the modern choir if support can be got from an organ, a modern instrument with mechanism of this day that gives smooth and quick changes of chord, the sort of instrument which, if the mediæval monks had known of, probably would have been employed by them for this very purpose of helping the choir. The difficulties that face an organist accompanying plainsong are great; and although in this book he will find much to help him, the chief task will still be his. The first part of Mr. Arnold's book will be indispensable to him with its description of the notation of plainsong. Until he has got that in his bones the organist will not be able to do anything with accompaniment of singers. The rest must come gradually. It will be a process of getting inside the plainsong idiom by continual usage. The organist will have to take every available opportunity of hearing plainsong sung, and of singing it himself. Only by those means will he be able to start accompanying. The wise directions given by Mr. Arnold can then be read again. But until the organist has had some experience of his own mistakes this second part of the book will not have much to tell. The author himself says that it will be necessary for the organist 'to make the notation and rhythm his own.' The first he can do by reading what Mr. Arnold has to say about the theoretical side of plainsong, the second by constant communion with the music itself. In this book there will be found a simple introduction to plainsong, and a persuasive exposition of its characteristics.

Sc. G.

REVIEWS OF PERIODICALS

De Musiek. Amsterdam. September, 1929.

Francesco Malipiero writes on *opera-buffa*, with enthusiasm for its special qualities of gaiety and humour, and a plea for more attention being paid to the form in the future. (An example of modern use of this form can be found in Roland-Manuel's spirited and charming little 'Isabelle et Pantalon,' a work that would repay performance.) Willi Reich discusses Berg's opera 'Wozzeck.'

October.

Matthijs Vermeulen, writing from Paris, contributes an informative article on Sergei Diaghilev. This notice is preceded by a reproduction of Serov's very illuminating portrait of Diaghilev. An article with a similar aim is that written by Hans Holländer to the memory of Hofmannsthal, with a photograph of Richard Strauss's great collaborator. These two articles make a notable number.

November.

Stephen Lubienski's long article on 'Music in Japan' is the best thing here. It is written sufficiently popularly, but has the facts properly marshalled. The instruments are described and their place in the orchestra, which accompanies the No-plays, is given. Their tuning is also discussed.

Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft. Leipzig. September, 1929.

This number is taken up with a fully illustrated study of the songs (collected phonographically by the philologist Robert Pelissier, who was killed in the war (of 1911 and 1912) in the Northern Russian provinces Wyatka and Perm. These phonographic records have been preserved in the Staats-Phonogramm-Archiv in Berlin, and are here passed in review by Peter Panoff.

October.

A Provençal poet, Reimbauts de Vaqueiras, in about 1200 heard two French *jongleurs* playing an *Estampida* and he set words to the melody. Jacques Handschin discusses, in a lengthy documented article, the relationship between this melody, which has been preserved to this day, and the form of the Sequence. Another interesting article is by Reinhold Bernhardt on the subject of Mozart's additions to 'Messiah.'

Revue de Musicologie. Paris. August, 1929.

E. Haraszi has a biographical note on 'Und grand luthiste' of the seventeenth century named Valentin Bakfark, a Hungarian. G. Thibault discusses sixteenth century Venetian music-sellers' catalogues,

those of Vicenti and of Gardane. L. de la Laurencie had an article on an unpublished Charpentier opera called 'La descente d'Orphée aux enfers.' A. Gastoué writes on Armenian music.

La Revue Musicale. October, 1929.

Henry Prunières's memorial article on Sergei Diaghilev is finely written. There follows an article on Zoltan Kodaly in which Aladar de Toth reasonably and informatively describes the compositions, and discusses Kodaly's position among the world's great writers. An interesting article on musical life in the romantic period (nineteenth century) is contributed by Claude Laforet. There is an article on æsthetics, poetry and prosody by F. Moch.

La Rassegna Musicale. Turin. August, 1929.

André Schaeffner writes on the Rossini opera 'L'Italiana in Algeri,' which he places high. There is a useful article by G. Rossi-Doria on the operatic works of Malipiero. A. Parneta continues his discussion on Hegelian æsthetics.

September.

G. Pagnain has a further article in his series on modern composers, this time on Szymanowski. L. Dunton-Green writes on Diaghilev and the Russian Ballet. An informative article on musical education in Italy is contributed by Gino Roncaglia, and another on the same subject by L. Perrachio.

Sc. G.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

DELIUS

The lasting part of the Delius Festival remains in two forms: memory, which is at the mercy of all known and unknown vagaries of time and human weakness, and the gramophone's reproduction of the music. Delius is reported to have left for France, after his triumphal visit, with a case of these records. For those readers who were at the festival performances the gramophone will be a means of taking stock of impressions gathered in the concert hall. Combined with miniature fullscores the records are of great interest, and there can be no easier way of studying the works than this. For those who were not at the festival these records may safely be used for getting acquainted with the music of Delius, for all the recordings noticed here are reputable, without cuts and not distorted by faulty reproduction or careless performance. They are a representative selection of Delius's compositions. Some more, chiefly large orchestral works, still await reproduction. But with those that have already been recorded we have enough to give a reasonable view of his work.

Columbia

Pride of place must go to Columbia for Delius recordings. They, and Sir Thomas Beecham, have done much to bring this music into wide publicity and the records they and he have prepared are of great importance in this connection. An instance of this is to hand in the double-sided *Walk to the paradise garden*, from the opera *A village Romeo and Juliet* which since too long has not been heard over here. Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra make a sensitive record of this. The opera contains very many beautiful things, and it is tempting to hear this single one. Another notable record might be made, with singers, of the duet between Sali and Vrenchen which precedes the Dream. The same conductor is responsible for the record of *Brigg Fair*. Close acquaintance, such as the gramophone affords, with this work increases respect for it. In many ways it is the finest of Delius's

shorter orchestral compositions. This record is perfectly worthy, and to be recommended as giving the best possible reproduction of the work. Sir Thomas is a wayward conductor, and nowhere more clearly is this felt than in the opening bars of this recording of *Brigg Fair*. As long as one knows that the reading is a very personal one (completely justified because the wilfulness has sense as well as sensibility behind it), and is ready to keep an open mind as regards other renderings, one is safe. And here it is that the miniature score is indispensable. On hearing the first cuckoo in spring and *Summer night on the river* are among the most well-known works of this composer. The records of them, both by Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra are delightful. (It is imperative to use a soft needle for Delius, for only then does the recording have a chance to deal with the extremely delicate orchestral writing.) Chamber music is represented by a fine performance of the second violin sonata, made by Lionel Tertis (who has arranged the work for viola) and George Reeves. It is clear and incisive playing, and the tone of the viola comes through well. On the last side is the little serenade from *Hassan*.

H.M.V.

A new Delius record from H.M.V. is *In a summer garden*. This is carefully played by the L.S.O. under Geoffrey Toye, a very good record, giving a faithful, unadorned, reproduction of the work. It is a piece of serious recording which might well be taken as a model of what that art should aim at. What it lacks, at moments, is real repose; it is inclined to be noisy. Nevertheless it is a record to have and to hold. The first violin sonata, played by May Harrison and Arnold Bax, has some graceful interpretation in it. The work has always been a difficult one to perform, and these two players make it as concise and cohesive as is possible with music which is delightful but of an evanescent quality that defies any appreciable decisiveness.

Decca

Mention of Delius records would be incomplete without a reminder of the remarkable effort of the Decca Company in their recording of *Sea Drift* (see MUSIC AND LETTERS, October, 1929). This is a necessary possession for anyone who comes to the gramophone for knowledge of Delius. It marks a noteworthy advance in the recording of a soloist and chorus, accompanied by an orchestra, performing a complex modern work.

GENERAL

H.M.V.

Orchestral. Nothing is more revelatory than the gramophone with its capacity for exploring the powers of a piece of music to stand the terrible test of constant repetition. Music in the concert hall can be dismissed, or accepted thoughtlessly, as good or perhaps just estimable. But in the study it has to face other ordeals, and the gramophone is pitiless in making it available for all our moods, even contrary ones. What comes through that test must have some definite quality and appeal to a more stable sympathy than mere liking. Persevering companionship cannot be supported with any but fine things. Among the large amount of good music (apart from, and ignoring for the moment, actual performances) provided during the last three months by H.M.V., Elgar's *Introduction and Allegro for Strings* strikes one as being eminently able to stand the test of continual repetition, indeed to benefit by it. Not until the sixth hearing, let us say, is it possible really to shake off the disarming outspoken manner of this music and see the subtleties beneath. Not until the twelfth hearing is it possible to forget the subtleties and take pleasure in the sheer loveliness of the work as a whole. It is a beautiful thing, and surely will last as one of the truest (and in a curious way the most English) musical expressions of the age. Here it is played (by John Barbirolli's Orchestra) very fairly, rather rough-hewn in places, but nicely rhythmical and quite good as to massed string tone.

Brahms: *Double concerto in A minor for violin, violoncello and orchestra* (Jacques Thibaud, Pablo Casals and the Pablo Casals Orchestra conducted by Alfred Cortot). It was time a reputable record of this work was made. What has been done in this instance is remarkably fine, though there are points for criticism. Jacques

Thibaud is not a Brahms interpreter. His mentality does not fit the rich eloquence of this music. Of course he plays it well, and except for an occasional shrill patch of thin tone his performance is very adequate. But he does not really partner an interpretative artist like Casals, who plays Brahms with a proper intimacy. That said, the record is strongly recommended, for despite these failings it is a very good piece of work.

Sergei Rachmaninov: *Pianoforte concerto No. 2 in C minor* (the composer and the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski). Formerly this work was only available in a recording made by an American company. It is worth studying, and is one of Rachmaninov's most impressive compositions. His own playing of it is superb. The orchestra accompanies extremely ably, and the pianoforte tone is unusually firm.

J. S. Bach: *Suite No. 2 in B minor* (the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Frederick Stock). This is not by any means as good as a record of the same work made by English players some years ago. The whole thing is by turns over-emphatic and heavy. Tone in the strings is too often harsh. The performance has something pedantic about it, as though some lesson were being drilled into one's mind. Some of the playing is very neat and precise. Indecision mars the opening of the *Bourrée*.

Rimsky-Korsakov: *'Easter' overture for orchestra, op. 36* (Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski). This grand rich music makes a spectacular record, fit for an orchestra like the Philadelphia. We must take it that the work is decently treated (it certainly sounds a magnificent enough performance), though after the last big work from this orchestra (see MUSIC AND LETTERS, October, 1929) one feels the need of care in accepting all that comes from this effective, but possibly a little dangerous, source.

Goossens: *Ballet music from 'Judith'* (the composer conducting the New Symphony Orchestra). Memory recalls the lamentable spectacle of this ballet at Covent Garden this summer, when amusement took one's attention off the music. This double-sided record brings the latter closer. The scoring is effective and flashy. There is at least one charming melodious moment for strings, three or four beats long, on the second side. The performance seems good.

Columbia

Respighi: *The fountains of Rome* (the Milan Symphony Orchestra conducted by Lorenzo Molajoli). This is very successful picture music, and anyone hearing it could tell that the composer had sat at Rimsky-Korsakov's feet. Incidentally it is a remarkable piece of recording for the way in which a positively incredible din is kept within bounds so as neither to jar the diaphragm nor to lose force. It blows one out of the room, but not too unkindly. The Milan players make an excellent body of ensemble. (Use the softest needle.)

Mendelssohn: *Symphony No. 3—The Scotch* (the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Felix Weingartner). For most this symphony will date so definitely as to be almost meaningless. It is true German Victorian. There is a certain bravery in recording it. One cannot but regret that admirable playing has been expended on a symphony which, though thoroughly 'good' music, has little to say for itself except that all is for the best in this best of possible worlds. The playing is competent and careful. It is a good record, and there is nothing to be said against it on that score.

Decca

Handel: *Concerti Grossi* (Edward Ansermet conducting the Decca String Orchestra). This collection seems to consist in a selection of movements taken from the second, third and sixth concerti. What has guided the choice, why some movements have been left out, are matters which remain unsolved. It is curious to cut works about in this way, and the fact that what has been chosen is really excellently recorded makes this kind of behaviour the more tantalising. Apart from that there is nothing to grumble at. This set of records should be got. The music is very beautiful and the performance of it thoroughly good. It makes a charming, if inconsecutive, series.

H.M.V.

Chamber Music. Brahms: *Sonata for violin and pianoforte in A Major* (Isolde Menges and Harold Samuel). In these three double-sided records a truthful rendering as regards *tempi* and general lay-out is given. Both players give the impression of being sympathetic to the music. The violin tone is indecisive in soft passages, that of the pianoforte has moments of the usual gramophonic vagueness. Otherwise the records are good.

Columbia

Richard Dering: *Fantasy for six viols* (the Dolmetach family). This curious, appealing record not only reproduces the exquisite strains of the seventeenth-century Dering, but the very atmosphere of a Dolmetach *seance* as well. Only those who have attended these functions will fully savour the charm of this record, and its reverse side, two *Fantasies for two viols* by Thomas Morley. It is at once so intriguing and pleasant that Arnold Dolmetach has been persuaded to avail himself of this so modern and mechanical means of bringing music to the masses.

Solo Instruments

H.M.V.

(1) PIANOFORTE. Tchaikovsky: *Troika en traineau* (Sergei Rachmaninov). In our schooldays we used to race through this, imagining that a sleigh should go like the wind. Rachmaninov takes it at a gentle pace, and it is the people in the sleigh that the music portrays. This, and the reverse side of the record (a *Polka de W. R.* by W. Rachmaninov), are wonderful performances and a great delight to listen to for their clearness and grace.

Schumann: *Romance in F sharp minor* and *Shepherd's Hey* by Grainger (Mark Hambourg). The first is too heavy, but the second is good fun, with a just touch and a proper humour.

Brahms: *Intermezzo in C major* and *Waltz in E minor* by Chopin (Benno Moiseiwitch). The Brahms is played with feeling, not very tidily and for a musician's taste rhythmically too freely. The Chopin makes an inoffensive show, with the same remarks applying to it, too.

(2) VIOLIN. A single record made by the young Yehudi Menuhin has unfortunately poor stuff on each side: a *Scottish Pastorale* by Saenger and an arranged piece of Handel. On this unworthy material the wonderful boy violinist has expended exquisite tone, a charming sensitiveness rather like that of a boy chorister, and perfect intonation. It is a superb talent that thus early can so signally satisfy.

(3) ORGAN. J. S. Bach. *Two choral preludes* (*Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein* and *Herzlich tut mich verlangen*) (Dr. Albert Schweitzer). These organ preludes, recorded on the instrument in the Queen's Hall, sound somehow tame. The organ timbre does not suit itself to the gramophone. In itself it is often lacking in vitality even when played by such a master

hand as here. But reproduced on the disc it loses all vitality. However, the actual music is so fine as to make these records bearable, even if one is always wishing for the real thing in listening to them.

Columbia

(1) **PIANOFORTE.** Schumann: *Kinderszenen* (Fanny Davies). These two double-sided records have an authority which cannot be withstood. Indeed there is no call to hold a contrary opinion, so temperately and persuasively are the little pieces played, and with such justice. Every school should obtain these so that pupils about to attack the pieces (and all learners of the pianoforte at school do that sooner or later) may hear how the music can sound.

(2) **Vitali:** *Chaconne* (Jelly d'Aranyi). This is an excellent example of performance that possesses style and breadth of execution. It is a good piece of recording. The violin tone comes through steadily and evenly.

Vocal

(1) **SOLO SONGS.** Decca issue records of good singing by Roy Henderson of two Tchaikovsky songs of which *To the Forest* is the better done. A record of Frank Bridge's *Love went a-riding* by Frank Titterton may also be noticed. These are all excellently accompanied by Leslie Heward.

(2) **OPERATIC EXCERPTS.** A number of Wagner records has lately been issued. A double-sided record from *Götterdämmerung* is made by Dr. Leo Blech conducting the Berlin State Opera Orchestra with Melchior, Schorr

and Topas-Watzke as soloists. It is good reproduction (H.M.V.). The same may be said for four sides from Act 2 of *Parsifal* (H.M.V.) sung by Ljünberg and Widdop with the L.S.O. conducted by Albert Coates, though there are some harsh patches. Nothing but praise for the record made by Ivar Andresen of *Pogner's Address* from *Meistersinger* and *Hagen's Watch* from *Götterdämmerung* (Columbia). Let those who relish a fine voice (German quality) and beautifully clear, round diction get this record. Among excerpts from Italian operas the following call for notice: *Ocean, du Ungeheur* sung, very effectively if rather coldly, by Maria Nemeth; and a magnificent rendering of the *Drinking Song* from Verdi's *Otello* by Inghilleri, Dua and Cilla (all H.M.V.). French opera is represented by Fanny Heldy in the *Jewel Song* from *Faust*. This is efficient singing (H.M.V.).

Military Band

Decca issue an extremely interesting set of records for this type of band, and so give the opportunity of hearing something of what has lately been done by modern composers to provide a literature of something other than 'arrangements.' The *English Folk Song Suite* by Vaughan Williams comes through very well, making a delightful record (three sides). A surprising *Toccata Marziale* by the same composer is on the fourth side. This is decidedly amusing, and an excellent example of what can be done in a little-explored medium.

Sc. G.

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